

THE
MONTHLY MISCELLANY
OR
VERMONT MAGAZINE.

VOLUME I.—NUMBER IV.

FOR JULY,—Annoque Domini, 1794.

*Our constant aim shall be, with themes refin'd,
To guide the manners and enrich the mind;
To give to genuine sentiment deep root,
And teach the young ideas how to shoot.—*

—ANON.—

*'Tis not in Mortals to command success,
But we'll do more——We'll deserve it.—*

Addison's Catq.

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T H E
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On the various PHENOMENA of the OCEAN.

With wonder mark the moving wilderness of waves,
From pole to pole through boundless space diffus'd,
Magnificently dreadful ! where, at large,
Leviathan with each inferior name
Of sea-born kinds, ten thousand thousand tribes,
Finds endless range for pasture and for sport.

— Adoring own
The Hand Almighty, who its channell'd bed
Immeasurable sunk, and pour'd abroad,
Fenc'd with eternal mounds, the fluid sphere ;
With every bound to waft large commerce on,
Join pole to pole, consociate sever'd worlds,
And link in bonds of intercourse and love
Earth's universal family.

IF we look upon a map of the world, we shall find that the ocean occupies a considerably greater surface of the globe than the land is found to do. This immense body of waters is diffused round both the old and new continent to the south, and may surround them also to the north, for what we know ; but the ice in those latter regions has stop-

MALLET.

ped our enquiries. Although the ocean, properly speaking, is but one extensive sheet of water, continued over every part of the globe, without interruption ; and although no part of it is divided from the rest, yet geographers have distinguished it by different names ; as the Atlantic or Western-ocean, the Northern, Southern

ern, Pacific, Indian and German oceans.

In this vast receptacle, almost all the rivers of the earth ultimately terminate. And yet these vast and inexhaustible supplies do not seem to increase its stores; for it is neither apparently swelled by their tribute, nor diminished by their failure: it continues constantly the same. Indeed the quantity of water of all the rivers and lakes in the world compared to that contained in this prodigious reservoir is nothing. And some natural philosophers have carried their ideas on this subject so far, as to assert, in consequence of certain calculations, that if the bed of the sea were empty, all the rivers in the world flowing into it with a continuance of their present stores, would take up at least 800 years to fill it again to its present height.

Thus great is the assemblage of waters diffused round our habitable globe; and yet immeasurable as it seems, it is rendered subservient principally to the necessities and conveniences of so little a being as man. Some have perceived so much analogy to man in the formation of the ocean, that they have not hesitated to assert it was made for him alone. This has been denied by others; and a variety of arguments have been adduced on both sides, into which I do not think it necessary to enter here: for, of this we are certain, that the Great Creator has endowed us with abilities to turn this great extent of waters to our own advantage. He has made these things perhaps for other uses; but he has given us faculties to convert them to our own.

This much agitated question, therefore, seems to terminate here: we shall never know whether the things of this world were made for our use: but we very well know we are made to enjoy them. Let us then boldly affirm, that the earth, and all its wonders are ours; since we are furnished with powers to force them into our service. Man is lord of the whole sublunary creation; the howling savage, the winding serpent, with all the untameable and rebellious offspring of nature are destroyed in the contest, driven at a distance from his habitations. The extensive and tempestuous ocean, instead of dividing or limiting his power, only serves to assist his industry, and enlarge the sphere of his enjoyments. Its billows, and its monsters, instead of presenting a scene of terror, serve only to excite and invigorate the courage of this enterprising being; and the greatest danger that man now fears from the deep, is from his fellow creatures. Indeed if we consider the human race as nature has formed them, very little of the habitable globe seems to be made for them. But when they are considered as accumulating the wisdom of ages, in commanding the earth, there is nothing so great, nor so terrible. What a poor contemptible being is the naked savage, standing on the beach of the ocean, and trembling at its tumults! how incapable is he of converting its terrors into benefits; or of saying, 'Behold an element made solely for my enjoyment!'—He considers it as an angry deity, & pays it the homage of submission. But it is very different when he has exercised

cised his mental powers; when he has learned to find his own superiority, and to make it subservient to his commands. It is then that his dignity begins to appear, and that the true Deity is adored, for having been mindful of man; for having given him the earth for his habitation, and the sea for his inheritance.

Of the various phenomena of the sea, one of the most obvious is its saltness. Few questions, concerning the natural history of our globe, have been discussed with more attention or decided with less satisfaction, than that concerning the primary cause of it, which has perplexed the philosophers before the time of Aristotle, and surpassed even the great genius of that philosopher. Father Kircher, after having consulted three and thirty authors upon the subject, could not help remarking, that the fluctuations of the ocean itself were scarcely more various than the opinions concerning the origin of its saline impregnation.

The question does not seem capable of admitting an illustration from experiment; at least, no experiments have been hitherto made for that purpose; and, therefore, we may be the less surprised as its remaining, nearly as problematical in the present age, as it has been in any preceding. Had any observations been made, three or four centuries ago, ascertaining the then saltness of the sea, at any particular time and place, we might now, by making similar observations at the same place, in the same season, have been able to know, whether the saltness at that particular place, was an increasing, or a decreasing, variable quantity.

This kind and degree of knowledge would have served as a clue to direct us to a full investigation of this matter in general. But it is to be regretted that, till very lately, no such observations have been made with any degree of precision.

One of the principal opinions on this subject, maintained by modern philosophers, and supported in particular, by Dr. Halley, is, that since river water, in almost every part of the globe, is impregnated, in a greater or less degree, by sea salt, the sea must have gradually acquired its present quantity of salt from the long continued influx of rivers. The water, which is carried into the sea by the rivers, is again separated from it by evaporation, and being dispersed over the atmosphere by winds, it soon descends in rain or vapor upon the surface of the earth; from whence it hastens to pour into the bosom of the ocean, the fresh tribute of salt, which it has collected in its inland progress. Thus the salt conveyed into the sea, not being a volatile substance, or performing any incessant circulation, like the water which carries it thither, must be a perpetually increasing quantity: and time enough, it is contended, has elapsed since the creation, for the sea to acquire from this source its present quantity of salt.

Other philosophers* observing that large beds of fossil salt are not unfrequent in any quarter of the globe; and conceiving, with great probability, the bottom of the

NOTE.

* *Mém. de l'Acad. des sciences de Berlin, Ann. 1760.*

the sea to be analagous in its formation to the surface of the earth; have undertaken to derive its saltiness from the beds of rock salt which they suppose to be situated at its bottom; and they are of opinion, that without such a permanent saline principle, the sea would long since have become insipid, from the fresh water poured into it from an infinity of rivers.

With respect to the first of these opinions, Dr. Watson the present Bishop of Llandaff, enters into a very ingenious disquisition, to shew, that the cause assigned by it for the saltiness of the sea, is not adequate to its effects; and, as to the second opinion, he observes, how strange it is, that what, according to the first hypothesis, is thought sufficient to account for the saltiness of the sea, should, in this be esteemed instrumental in annihilating the saltiness already supposed to exist. Against this last opinion, moreover, he urges an objection of some weight; namely, why the waters of the ocean are not perfectly saturated with salt, if, ever since the creation, they have been exerting their powers upon such permanent masses of rock salt as are thought to be situated at the bottom?

Boyle unites, as it were, the two preceding hypotheses, and takes the saltiness of the sea to be supplied, not only from rocks and other masses of salt, which at the beginning, were, or in some countries which may yet be found, either at the bottom of the sea, or at the sides, where the water can reach them; but also from the salt which the rivers, rains, and other waters dissolve, in their passage through divers

parts of the earth, and at length carry with them into the sea.

This opinion, bishop Watson neither condemns nor adopts; but he observes, that Buffon, and the generality of philosophers, acquiesce in it. He adds, that we are enquiring into the cause of a phenomenon, which, it may be said, had no secondary cause at all. 'For it is taken for granted,' he continues, 'in this disposition, that the water which covered the globe in its chaotic state, was not impregnated with salt as at present, but quite fresh; now this is an opinion concerning a matter of fact, which can never be proved either way; and surely we extend our speculations very far, when we attempt to explain a phenomenon, primeval to, or coeval with, the formation of the earth.'

'Bernadine Gomefius, about 200 years ago, published an ingenious treatise upon salt: in this treatise, after recting and refuting the opinions of Empedocles, Anaxagoras, and Aristotle, upon the subject in question, he proposes his own, wherein he maintains that the sea was originally created in the same state in which we at present find it, and impregnated, from the very first, with the salt which it contains. Though this hypothesis may be considered by some, rather as a cutting than an untying of the knot, yet it has been embraced by philosophers of great eminence; and it must be owned, that it may be applied to the solution of some phenomena with peculiar propriety. Naturalists assure us, that though some few species of fish thrive in fresh water, and some others live alter-

nately

nately in fresh water and salt, yet by far the greatest number cannot exist out of the sea: now, whether we suppose the sea to have become salt, from the influx of rivers, or from the gradual solution of beds of rock salt, or from the combined influence of both these causes, it must for some years have remained so exceedingly fresh, that it will not be an easy matter to account for the continuation of the numberless species of fishes, which cannot live in fresh water: This difficulty is not removed by supposing that fishes do not imbibe any part of the sea's saltness with their food, and attributing the efficacy of sea water in preserving life, to the superior weight with which it compresses the organs of respiration; for this superior weight is as much an effect of the salt dissolved in it, as the saline taste itself. The saltness of the Caspian Sea, of the lakes of Mexico and Titicaca, and of other large collections of waters, which have no effluent rivers, nor visible communication with the sea, may be successfully explained upon this hypothesis, *that the sea was at the creation impregnated with salt*, as upon either of the preceding.

‘ Besides the opinions of the causes of the saline impregnation of the sea, which have been mentioned, there is another which future ages will, probably, see less questionable to adopt than we do, I mean that which maintains, that sea salt is constantly and abundantly generated, both on the surface of the earth, and in the bosom of the ocean.

But how ineffectual soever our attempts may be to explain the cause of the saltness of the sea;

yet one might have hoped, that in this age of philosophy and curious navigation, the degree of its saltness in every latitude, and every season of the year, would have been ascertained by accurate experiments. The acquiring knowledge by experiments is a slow and laborious method but it is at the same time a method within our reach: while the theoretical investigation of the proximate cause of any natural phenomenon often surpasses, and that of its ultimate cause always surpasses the apprehension of the human intellect.*

The saltness of those great collections of waters, that have no effluent rivers nor visible communication with the sea, has been mentioned by the preceding quotation. But there are other lakes, through which rivers run into the sea, and these how extensive soever, are notwithstanding, very fresh: for admitting the first opinion, concerning the influx of rivers into the sea, and consequently of their salts; yet these rivers do not deposit their salts in the bed of the lake, but carry them, with the currents, into the ocean, Thus the lakes Ontario and Erie, in North America, although for magnitude they may be considered as inland seas, are nevertheless, fresh water lakes, and kept so by the river St. Lawrence, which passes through them.—I shall only mention farther, on this head, the opinions of Bernier and Marsili: the former ascribes the saltness of the ocean to the fossil of mineral salts, brought into it by
subterraneous

NOTE.

* Watson's Chem. Essays, Vol. II. p. 106.

subterraneous currents, and dissolved in the water: the latter observes, that, in Provence, the bottom of the sea is wholly stony, and is nothing but a continuation of the mountains of the Cevennes; being even found to consist of several strata, among which are salt and pitcoal; and hence he derives the salt and bitterness of the sea-water.

The saltness of the sea has been

considered by some as a peculiar blessing from Providence, in order to keep so great an element pure and wholesome. This appears the sentiment of Sir Richard Blackmore, in the beautiful lines with which I shall conclude this paper; observing however, that the saltness of the sea can by no means be considered as a principal cause in preserving its waters from putrefaction.

What does the sea from putrefaction keep?
Should it lie stagnant in its ample seat,
The sun would thro' it spread destructive heat.
The wise Contriver, on his end intent,
Careful this fatal error to prevent,
And keep the waters from corruption free,
Mixt them with salt, and season'd all the sea.
What other cause could this effect produce?
The brackish tincture thro' the main diffuse?
You, who to solar beams this task assign,
To scald the waves, and turn the tide to brine,
Reflect, that all the fluid stores, which sleep
In the remotest caverns of the deep,
Have of the briny force a greater share,
Than those above that meet the ambient air.
Others, but oh how much in vain, erect
Mountains of salt, the ocean to infect.
Who, vers'd in nature, can describe the land,
Or fix the place on which those mountains stand?
Why have those rocks so long unwasted stood,
Since, lavish of their stock, they through the flood,
Have, ages past, their melting crystals spread,
And with their spoils the liquid regions fed?

THE HAPPY PAIR.

IT was a neat little house, by the side of the fields—a pretty, looking woman, dress'd by Simplicity, the handmaid of Nature, was laying the table cloth and trimming her little parlour; her looks were cheerful and serene, and with a voice pleasing, though untutored, she sung the following stanza,

*Here beneath my humble cot,
Tranquil peace and pleasures dwell,
If contented with our lot,
Smiling joy can grace a cell.*
*Nature's wants are all supply'd,
Food and raiment, house and fire.
Let others swell the courts of pride.
This is all that I require.*

Just as she had finished, a genteel young man entered the gate; she ran eagerly to meet him.

My dear Charles she cried you are too late to night.

It was near ten o'clock—I had taken the advantage of my ring, which had the peculiar quality of rendering me invisible to mortal view, and followed them into the house.

I am weary, Betsey, said he, leaning his head upon her shoulder.

I am sorry for it my love, but rest is welcome to the weary, and refreshment sweet when earned by virtuous toil. Let us eat our supper and retire to rest. Recline your head upon my bosom, and lull your cares to rest—

Their frugal meal was bread and butter and salad—

If to be content is to be happy, my dear, said she, how superlatively blest am I:—I have no wish beyond what our little income will afford me; my home is to me a palace, thy love my estate. I envy not the rich dames who shine in costly array; I please my Charles in my plain, simple attire; I wish to please no other.

Thou dear reward of all my toils, said he, embracing her, how can I have a wish ungratified, while possessed of thee—I never desired wealth but for thy sake, and thy cheerful contented disposition makes even wealth unnecessary.

It is by no means necessary to happiness, said I, as I left the house—Charles and Betsey seem perfectly happy with only a bare competence,—I ask but a competent, cries the luxurious or avoricious wretch; the very exclamation convinces us that a trifle is adequate to the wants of the

humble, frugal mind, while thousands cannot supply the inordinate desires of the prodigal, or satisfy the grasping disposition of the miser.

The BENEFITS of LUXURY: AN EXTRACT.

FROM reviewing human nature in primeval simplicity, tell me,—are you in love with fatigue and solitude? Do you sigh for the frugality of a Cherokee, or the rusticity of an untanned clown; or do you regret being born to enjoy affluence, or inherit a good estate: Rather tell me, has not every kind of life vices peculiarly its own? Is it not a truth, that refined countries have more vices but those not so terrible, barbarous nations few, and they of the most heinous complexion! Perfidy and fraud are the vices of civilized nations, credulity and violence those of the inhabitants of the desert.—Does the luxury of the one produce half the evils of the inhumanity of the other? Certainly those philosophers who declaim against luxury, have but little understood its benefits; they seem insensible that to luxury we owe not only the greatest part of our knowledge, but even of our virtues.

It may sound fine in the mouth of a declaimer, when he talks of subduing our appetites, of teaching every sense to be content with a bare sufficiency, and of supplying only the wants of nature; but is there more danger in indulging those appetites, if with innocence and safety, than in restraining them? Am not I better pleased in enjoyment than in the fallen satisfaction of thinking that

I can live without enjoyment!—The more various our artificial necessities, the wider is our circle of pleasure; for all pleasure consists in obviating necessities as they rise; luxury, therefore, as it increases our wants, increases our capacity for happiness.

Examine the history of any country remarkable for opulence and wisdom, you will find poets, philosophers, and even patriots, marching in luxuries train. The reason is obvious, we then only are curious after knowledge, when we find it connected with sensual happiness. The senses ever point out the way, and reflection comments upon the discovery. Inform a native of the desert of Kobi of the exact measure of the parallax of the moon, he finds no satisfaction at all in the information; he wonders how any could take such pains and lay out such treasures, in order to solve so useless a difficulty; but connect it with his happiness, by shewing that it improves navigation, that by such an investigation he may have a warmer coat, a better gun, or a finer knife, and he is instantly in raptures at so great an improvement. In short, we only desire to know what we desire to possess, and whatever we may talk against it, luxury adds the spur to curiosity, and gives us a desire of becoming more wise. But not our knowledge only but our virtues are improved by luxury. Observe the brown savage of Thibet, to whom the fruits of the spreading pomegranate supply food, and its branches an habitation: such a character has few vices I grant, but those he has are of the most hideous nature; rapine and cruelty are scarce crimes in his eye; neither

pity nor tenderness which enable every virtue, have any place in his heart; he hates his enemies, and kills those he subdues. On the other hand, the polite Chinese and civilised European, seem even to love their enemies, I have just now seen an instance, where the English have succoured those enemies whom their own countrymen have actually refused to relieve.

The greater the luxuries of every country, the more closely, politically speaking, is that country united. Luxury is the child of society alone: the luxurious man stands in need of a thousand different artists to furnish out his happiness; it is more likely therefore, that he should be a good citizen, who is connected by motives of self-interest with so many, than the abstemious man who is united to none.

In whatsoever light therefore we consider luxury, whether as employing a number of hands naturally too feeble for more laborious employment, as finding a variety of occupations for others who might be totally idle, or as furnishing out new inlets to happiness without encroaching on mutual property; in whatever light we regard it, we shall have reason to stand up in its defence, and the sentiment of Confucius still remains unshaken, "That we should enjoy as many of the luxuries of life as are consistent with our own safety, and the prosperity of others; and that he who finds out a new pleasure, is one of the most useful members of society."

The SAVAGE and the CIVILIZED MAN.
THE SAVAGE AND THE CIVILIZED MAN.

179

An European Picture.

THE savage rises in the morning, and takes his bow, runs through the forest, and returns, loaded with animal food, for his family: vegetables spring up spontaneously under his feet.

The savage has in abundance the viands that please him, the drink which he prefers, and receives every thing that is prepared by the hands of nature.

The inhabitant of the woods considers his desires as the blessings of nature, since he can choose and vary his pleasures at his will,

The savage depends only upon the ordinary progress of events, which carries us on along with it.

The savage feels no anxiety for the future welfare of a family, however numerous it may be; is tormented by no tributes, no burdens, the appendages of social life.

The savage feels no fatal effects from storms, droughts, or inundations: his house is a tree, his field is every where, and nature is his country.

The being whose destiny we lament, is cheerful, alert, courageous by nature, lives contentedly, and dies without regret, because he conceives he shall soon revive.

THE peasant gets up with the sun to serve his master's cattle; waters the soil with the sweat of his brow; and reflects, that all this is not for himself.

The civilized man has but a scanty pittance of unsavory food, is obliged to struggle with his wants, and to quench his thirst with an unwholesome beverage.

The civilized man is obliged to concentrate his happiness in one object. If sickness or accidents incapacitate him, there remains to him nothing but uneasiness and imbecility.

The civilized man is encompassed with chains, kings, government, laws, society: prejudices act every instant even upon his very thoughts.

The civilized man has continually before his eyes, the wretchedness that threaten his family; hears every instant the voice of the tax-gatherer at his door, and is frequently at a loss how to provide clothing which connections have rendered necessary.

The civilized man, a victim to the inclemency of the seasons, sees his provisions consumed by the burning sun, or carried away by impetuous torrents.

The being, whose lot we boast of, bears in his emaciated and furrowed visage, the traces of misery, is never sure of to-morrow, and dies in the midst of trouble, fears, and uncertainty.

THE

THE CIVILIZED MAN AND THE SAVAGE.

An American Picture.

THE civilized man gets up with the sun ; pursues his daily occupation ; and the sure prospect of a reward for his industry, lightens the burdens of life ; while the arts of civilization afford a perpetual security against hunger, nakedness, and cold.

The civilized man may struggle with misfortunes ; but he has a never-failing resource in the benevolence of society.

The civilized man has a boundless circle of enjoyments ; his views are expanded, his ideas unlimited ; his hopes are excited by innumerable objects, and gratified ten thousand different ways. The legal restraints on his pleasures, appetites, and passions, enlarge the sphere of his felicity.

The civilized man lives in himself—in his children—in the public ; and as he participates in the labours he enjoys the happiness of his country and of mankind.

The civilized man has his cultivated faculties continually employed to promote the happiness of his family ; every addition to it is a new pledge of future enjoyment. He feels the protection of civil government, and he cheerfully contributes to its support ; protected in his acquisitions by law, he contemplates the transmission of his name, his inheritance, his rights and privileges, to his posterity, with unspeakable pleasure.

THE savage rises in the morning, and prowls through the forest for food ; if he finds it, he returns loaded to his wife, who cooks it for him ; her portion is, what he may leave of the hasty repast ; if he is unsuccessful in hunting, he takes in an additional hole in his girdle, and his family pines in want.

The savage has a precarious support. Nature, it is true, provides the crystal stream, and his bow may stop the deer in its course ; but the stream is often remote, and the track of the arrow is frequently untrue.

The inhabitant of the woods has but few ideas, and few pleasures ; these are of the ardent kind ; and their acquisition often interferes with those of his fellow savages ; the consequences are fatal.

The savage, disengaged from the chase, or war, leads a life of stupid insensibility ; there can scarcely be said to be any progress, or succession of events in his existence ; 'tis one perpetual now.

'The savage feels no anxiety for the future welfare of his family, however numerous it may be.' He propagates his kind, like the wolf of the desert, and his offspring are abandoned to the wayward fate. The cares, the solicitude, the anticipations, and the pleasures of life, are equally unknown.

The civilized man wisely calculating for the season, in the retreat reared by the joint labours of associated industry, 'smiles at the tempest, and enjoys the storm.'

The civilized man, preserves, by temperance, the vigour of youth, till an advanced period; his declining years are crowned with respect and veneration; and his last repose is in the arms of filial affection.

The savage has no abiding place; his only defence from the inclemency of the skies, is in his case-hardened carcase.

The savage, while young, feels and glories in the vigor of his nerves like the young colt, he snuffs the wind, and braves the tempest; but mark his declining years: time very early scars his visage, and the hanging, down-drawn lip of the aged savage fully evinces, that his last are not his best days.

The Prudent woman; or, the History of Elvira.

BUT a few minutes ago, the breath departed from her mortal frame, and Elvira became an inanimate piece of clay. Her children weep around her body, and her husband expresses that sensibility which has ever characterized his life. Her relatives will lament her decease, and humanity will long remember her virtues.—Let me explain, and endeavor justly to applaud the talents and virtues of Elvira. She was the daughter of a man who opposed the torrent of adversity, with industry and fortitude. He struggled for his family with success, and experienced from them in his age that affection and duty, which enable us to endure the woes of age with tranquility and resignation. Often did he snatch her with paternal ardor, from the bosom of her affectionate mother, and as often was she reconveyed to that source of nourishment and comfort with maternal solicitude.

As she advanced in years, her education was attended to with affection under the guidance of

reason. Every degree of instruction was bestowed on her, which the country, in which she was born, could afford. Possessed of the greatest endowments, her mind anticipated the lessons of her teachers; and at the age of fifteen she was acknowledged to be both beautiful in person, and accomplished in mind. Pride acknowledged her acquisitions, and even envy confessed the graces and merits of Elvira.

But at this period her trials commenced. In the space of three days she was deprived of both her parents. How calamitous her situation! how extreme was her grief! The truly filial heart alone can entertain an adequate idea of her anguish. She had attended them with solicitude, during their sickness, wept over their coffins with true piety, and still venerated their memory with the most ardent affection. She was not then conscious, that the public office which was occupied by her father had administered support to the family. Without the levity, but with the hopes which are
natural

natural to youth; she had looked forward to competency, and occasionally to affluence. From the bosom of an affectionate mother she had imbibed delicacy ; and on the knee of her father, she had been taught to exult in a prospect of wealth.

How distressing, for a period, were the feelings of the maiden ! As a daughter she endured extreme anguish ; and found herself exposed to all the difficulties of a dependent situation. No relation proffered assistance ; and after the sale of her father's effects, (every deduction having been made) her guardian discovered that only fifty pounds remained. He gave her that counsel which was worthy of the office he had undertaken, and received her into his house. So sweet was the disposition, so mild was the deportment of Elvira, that she conciliated the esteem of all with whom she conversed. She was fully convinced of the narrowness of her circumstances ; and therefore founded her expectations on propriety of appearance, docility of mind, and rectitude of heart. But shortly society was deprived of the amiable consort of her guardian. In her she a second time lost a tender mother.

A few weeks after this mournful event, her guardian was hurried out of existence by a fever ; but before he expired he requested an interview. She attended his summons. After a short conversation he sent for Hilario, his nephew. As they sat at his bedside, he thus addressed them : ' But a few days ago I regularly made a will, which entitles you to equal shares of my property. May that property in this instance, continue undivided.' He scarce-

ly had ceased to speak, before he expired. His meaning was understood. After due respect had been paid to his memory, Hilario paid his addresses to Elvira. She was far from being insensible to his merit ; and, mindful of the last admonition of her guardian, bestowed her heart and her hand according to the dictates of prudence, and the sentiments of love.

She continued four years to exhibit an illustrious example of conjugal and maternal affection, when the world was deprived of her virtues. Yet her memory must be ever revered, especially when we recollect, that she was not abject in adversity, nor insolent in prosperity ; and that she in the most exemplary manner, discharged the duties of the daughter, the wife, the mother, and the christian.

A FRAGMENT.

———' Alas ! *Fidelo,*' said I, ' what meanest these downcast looks, and why doth sadness brood upon thy countenance ?— Surely this is no place for sorrow ; neither is this the season for melancholy. Methinks so lovely a situation, and the enchanting prospect of this delightful landscape which presents itself to our view :—the captivating notes of the winged warblers ;—the lambkins harmlessly sporting round their dams ; and infant nature just raising her head from obscurity, arrayed in all the charms of primeval innocence ; might banish from the mind all corroding cares, reinvigorate the whole soul with far other sensations than those which hover on thy dejected brow.'

' Ah,

'Ah,' returned the hapless youth, 'these captivating scenes only serve to encrease my sorrow, and to aggravate my misery.—Every thing which I behold, happy in its sphere, enjoys those blessings it is made capable of receiving. The feathered inhabitants of the grove, elated with joy, swell their tuneful throats, and fill the resounding woods with their ardent harmony. Every aerial gallant form'd to please his gentle companion, woos not in vain the favor of his little mistress. Each enamoured pair, either alike happy in the other's society, share reciprocal returns of mutual affection. Whilst I, as if the sport of nature, created in a merry mood for her diversion, am possessed of a heart susceptible of the most delicate impressions, and softest passions; without one single accomplishment to render me agreeable to my fair charmer. Long time has my bosom glowed with the most ardent flame for the thrice lovely Ursula; and as long have I vainly solicited her favor. Oh, that I had never seen the enchanting fair one !'

'I am quite amazed,' cried I, 'Fidelio, to see a Philosopher thus ingloriously cringe to the insolent frowns of an imperious woman. He, whose mind is capable of unfolding the darkest mysteries of the sciences;—can waste its way to the remotest bounds of existence, and comprehend the august wonders of the universe; should not ignobly fawn upon the baubles of nature, and be thus enamoured with her childish toys. 'Tis certainly beneath the dignity (if I may so speak) of the frivolous coxcomb, whose

thoughts never ascend above the head-dress of his mistress, to adore the person who disdains his company, and to languish for her who treats him with contempt. Where is thy ambition, Fidelio? Awake! Awake!—Consider who thou art.'

'Was the circumstance as you represent,' resumed he, 'my fettered heart would soon be at liberty; every trace of affection be eradicated from my breast: and my frozen passions insensible to Ursula's charms. But the case is quite otherwise. Instead of a haughty indifference: a gracefulness of person, modest demeanor, and amiable deportment; joined with the most affable behavior to me, in every respect; all conspire to convince me that it is not any idea of her own superiority that induces her to disapprove of my suit; but a full conviction that my disposition is by no means adapted to the matrimonial state. These conduce but to rivet her still more to my affections, and to establish an everlasting regard for her never to be erased from my memory. Who would refrain from loving the charming creature?—Who would not adore such angelic perfections?'

I could not forbear smiling at this pitiable tale of my friend, not that I did not sympathize in his fancied misfortunes; but because I did not believe his case to be quite so desperate as he imagined: and withal, to think how many eminent characters, of the greatest erudition, and most enterprising parts, bow thus submissively to the sway of the little blind boy.

ETHICUS

On the PLEASURE which arises from PARENTAL AFFECTION.

NOTHING so effectually charms the mind into a settled esteem, as concurrence in an employment so benignant, so delightful as the care or education of our own offspring. This is a work of so much importance, and requiring so much time, that it contributes more than any thing towards perpetuating our union. The necessary duties to one child, are succeeded by the necessary duties to another, until we have transferred, as it were, our whole souls into our offspring, passionately love each other again in our several images or representatives, and live only to make ourselves happy through the happiness of our children. It is thus we may be said to be renewed or made young again. We view the progress of an infant mind, the sources and growth of its affections, with more pleasure than is experienced by itself. We interest ourselves in those great passions which determine the events of life; we forget our infirmities, we imagine ourselves in love again, because our children are enamoured; and we become fathers and mothers a second time, when they assume those happy denominations.—Compare, if you can, the events of what is called a life of pleasure with such as these: and when nature is discomposed, when infirmities or disorders menace dissolution, you may see the man who has acted on the selfish and brutish principle of gratifying himself, at the expence of truth, honor, and the happiness of others, cursing a world which detests and despises him; deserted by all,

by the very instruments of his pleasures, because universally disesteemed, and sinking into the grave in ignominy, or frantic wretchedness; while those men and women who had gone hand in hand in the pleasing duties of life, will not only have a firm support in honorable recollections, but will be led down its rugged declivity, by the tenderest care of an affectionate offspring, and will consign themselves to rest, like useful laborers a little weary, but satisfied with the work of the day.

Unbounded Tyranny punished;
or, the fall of ANTILISTOS,
Prince of Candia.

The Gods take aim before they
strike the blow,
Tho' sure their vengeance, yet
the stroke is slow.

Creech's Juvenal.

BEFORE the despotic power of Turkish tyranny spread its baleful influence over the fertile plains of Asia, Candia was governed by its own Princes, and long enjoyed the valuable gift of liberty. But ambition, that canker of the human mind, that scourge of society, instigated some of its own princes to usurp the privileges of their subjects, and instead of laboring to promote the happiness of their people exercised every kind of cruelty and injustice.

Among these degenerate princes was Antilistos, famous only for oppression, and following the dictates of his own passions. Solely intent on his unmanly pleasures, he disregarded the sufferings of his people, and was deaf to the cries of those who suffered.

ed from the hand of oppression, or groaned under the oppressive yoke of cruelty.

Aristes was one of those unfortunate persons who felt the weighty rod of unrelenting tyranny. He resided at a small village at the foot of Mount Ida; & was as remarkable for candor, justice and humanity, as Antilistos was for his opposite vices.— He married Sabina, a young lady adorned with every accomplishment that could render her agreeable. Her beauty was superior to that of all the ladies of Candia, and her love for her husband famous to a proverb.

Antilistos often heard of the charms of Sabina, together with the happy manner in which she lived with her husband, and was determined to see her, that he himself might be a witness, whether the accounts were just or exaggerated. Disguising himself therefore in the habit of a peasant, he repaired to Mount Ida, and pretending to be a person labouring under the frowns of fortune, was kindly received by Aristes, and his amiable spouse, who did every thing in their power to soften the afflictions of this pretended sufferer. Antilistos was charmed with the beauty of Sabina; and though he could not help revering the sincere kindness of Aristes, and secretly approving the happiness and tranquility that reigned in his house, yet he determined to enjoy the beautiful Sabina, though at the expence of every virtue that adorns the mind of a rational being.

Filled with this inhuman project, he secretly left the house of Aristes, and hid beneath the sable veil of night, entered his

palace unknown to all but his intimate friends, whom he had entrusted with the secret. He now made large offers to Aristes to draw him to the capital; but in vain. He knew that happiness was not to be found in a licentious court, nor content in the golden palaces of ambition. The tyrant finding it impossible to draw Aristes from his happy situation in the country, had recourse to another stratagem, and hoped the dazzling prospect of wealth and greatness would prevail on Sabina to quit her solitary habitation, and exchange her sequestered seat for the glittering throne of Candia. But in this he was greatly mistaken; she received his offers with disdain, and preferred a life of virtuous happiness with her dear Aristes, to all the pomp and deceitful pleasures of royalty.

These refusals irritated the tyrant; he determined to satisfy his passion, though he employed for that very purpose every instrument of wickedness, and trampled under foot every precept of virtue and religion. He had however again recourse to Aristes, offered him the highest posts of the kingdom, and at the same time to place his whole family on the highest pinnacle of honor. But these glittering promises found no better reception than the former; he enjoyed every thing he wished, and refused to exchange virtue for vice, and domestic tranquility for the commotions and distractions of government.

Antilistos finding it in vain to hope for success by the delusive prospect of riches and greatness, was determined to put a period to the life of Aristes, flattering himself that Sabina, when deprived

prived of her husband would listen to his proposals, and sacrifice her virtue to the enchanting ideas of power and splendour.— Filled with this detestable project, he employed a person long practised in the paths of wickedness, to put it in practice. Accordingly the inhuman monster repaired to the house of Aristes, and under pretence of communicating to him a secret of the last importance, stabbed him to the heart with a poinard.

Sabina now deprived of a husband she adored, abandoned herself to the most frantic grief; and when her first passions subsided, became a prey to melancholy and despair. In this condition she was visited by her friends, who used every method to comfort her and employed every argument to persuade her to leave the place where every object increased her distress, by renewing the idea of her beloved companion. But she was deaf to their advice, and seemed determined to continue in that retreat where she had enjoyed so many happy hours with her dear Aristes.

In this manner she continued to brood over her sorrows, and meditate on her grief, till at last the tyrant Antilistos renewed his solicitations, and even offered to make her his partner in the throne of Candia. Her grief, at hearing the very name of that abandoned monster of impiety, knew no bounds, and had not her friends interposed, she had certainly sacrificed the messenger who brought so detested an offer to the manes of her husband.— But her senses in a few moments resumed their seat, and her desire of revenging the death of Aristes, prevailed upon her to stifle

her resentment, and even induced her to signify that she was ready to imbrace the honor intended her by the prince of Candia.

The messenger returned with the welcome news to Antilistos, who eager to enjoy what he had so long desired, made immediate preparations for the nuptials, which were to be performed in the temple of Diana, and omitted nothing that had a tendency to augment the splendor of the ceremony. The most magnificent robes were provided, and all the great men of the kingdom commanded to attend in person.

The day appointed being arrived, Sabina appeared, dressed in the richest manner, and entered, with Antilistos, the temple of Diana. She approached the statue of the Goddess, and receiving from one of her friends a bowl filled with a pleasant liquor of her own preparing, she drank, as the custom was, one half of it; and presented with her own hand, the bowl to Antilistos, who readily drank the remainder.

Sabina at seeing her scheme had succeeded according to her wishes, fell on her knees at the feet of the statue of Diana, and addressed the goddess in the following manner, 'O thou that knowest the inmost recesses of the human heart, be my true witness, with what painful labour I have supported my life since the death of my beloved husband, and with what difficulty I have prevented these hands from putting a period to my own existence! with what indifference I have beheld all the objects of this fleeting scene, and enjoyed no other pleasure than the hopes of executing that vengeance

geance I have this day compleated. And now with the greatest pleasure, I go to meet the shade of the dear companion of my soul, who in life or death, I always loved much better than myself; and thou, inhuman tyrant, who hast long disgraced the throne of Candia, tremble at the vengeance of the gods, which now awaits thee; and instead of the nuptial bed, give orders for preparing a lasting couch in the darksome apartments of the tomb; for I have offered thee a sacrifice to the shade of the injured Aristes.'

Antilistos, who already felt the fatal effects of the poisonous draught, lost his wonted fortitude; his brutal courage forsook him, convulsions seized every part of his body, he fell at the feet of the statue, and with a groan that terrified the whole assembly, yielded up his breath.—Sabina, seeing the tyrant expire, lifted up her eyes to heaven, and cried out, 'My dear Aristes, thou source of all my earthly comfort, I have bestowed on thy death my last and utmost gifts, my tears and vengeance. Nothing farther remains for me to perform. I fly from the world to meet thee, my lord, my husband. And ye immortal powers that direct the affairs of this sub-lunary world, pardon this daring attempt, in thus executing vengeance which belongs to you.—Surrounded with objects that attract the senses from their duty, and agitated by commotions that lead the mind astray, the best are continually subject to error: we see every thing through the cloud of passion, which, like the mists of the morning, magnifies every particular, and at once

augments our misfortunes, and stimulates us with the desire of revenge. But I feel the chilling poison at my heart, the material objects vanish from my sight, and the tenebrous veil of darkness surrounds my head. Farewell, ye earthly mansions; I fly to meet thee, my dear Aristes, thou inseparable companion of my soul.' At these words she fell at the feet of the statue, and expired.

Thus fell the tyrant Antilistos, and by his fall, paid at once the life he had often forfeited to justice, and freed his country from that oppressive yoke under which it had long groaned. And we shall do well to remember, that the vengeance of Heaven, tho' it may sleep for a time, will at last burst on the heads of those who despise the maxims of justice, and laugh at the precepts of virtue, defy the frowns of heaven and challenge the arm of omnipotence to strike the blow. For then we should be careful of our actions, and make the happiness of our fellow-mortals a principal concern; we should be careful how we passed the enchanting gardens of pleasure, and never venture to sleep on the couch of intemperance; we should fly the beaten paths that terminate in destruction, and walk steadily in those that will certainly conduct us to happiness and joy.

THE PILGRIM'S STORY.

"MY eyes were first opened to the vicissitudes of life, in the city of Avignon. My father was a general in the French service; and my mother the only offspring of her noble, but indi-

gent

gent parents. They were united by disinterested affection, and as their happiness centered in each other they were above the envy and malice of mankind. My father's fortune, though not competent to procure the luxuries of the world, was, by my mother's economy and exemplary prudence, sufficient for the enjoyment of every comfort.

"I was the only fruit of their unfulfilled love. My amiable mother survived but a few minutes after she gave me being. She embraced me, and clasping me to her bosom, resigned her gentle soul to endless happiness: but alas! her helpless offspring was reserved to struggle thro' a wilderness of woe, the destined victim of relentless sorrow.

"My father, whose profession called him from Avignon when I was scarcely three years old, committed the care of my education to the Abbe de Versac, a distant relation of my mother. He was a man celebrated for his profound erudition and brilliant talents: he instructed my young mind in all the elegant acquirements of a scholar and a gentleman. The labors of his anxious hours were repaid by my close application to the precepts he wished to inculcate.

"My learned and enlightened tutor, was a cynick in manners, though a philanthropist in principle: his soul was replete with all the sublime sensations of pity and generosity; he considered flattery as a baleful weed upon which fools thrive, and wise men sicken. He laughed at the wretched arrogance, too often the associate of wealth, and considered the man, born to an exalted rank in life, as one, afflicted with an

incurable disease, that infected all who approached him with the poison of duplicity.

"What," has he often said, "can be a more miserable situation, than that of a man who at the first dawn of reason, finds himself surrounded by slaves, subservient to his caprices, commending his follies, concealing his imperfections, and impregnating his docile mind with the absurd idea, that because he is highly born, he is virtuously supreme! The poor and unprotected mechanic, toils on from youth to age, with industry and humility for his only associates; he dreads a deviation from the paths of rectitude, because he knows he has no title, but his good name; he is taught to examine his own heart, and correct its errors, because he moves in a sphere, where truth is not hoodwinked by interest, or fulsome applause extorted from the trembling tongue of fear: he has no ermined robe to guard him from the blasts of reproach; no dazzling mask to hide him from the prying eye of justice; he cannot, like the possessor of worldly power, laugh at the pointing finger of scorn, and trample on the vassal, whom nature formed his equal! 'Know,' said he 'my little pupil, you are born the proudest work of your Creator! He has given you faculties to support the dignity of your birthright, and intrepidity of soul, to stem the overwhelming torrents of insolent oppression. Look to yourself for superiority, and from every example of fallen depravity, extract a lesson of morality. Flatter not the weaknesses of the self-conceited, neither meanly withhold the tribute of applause, where

where the perfections of the heart demand it of you ; above all, remember you are a human being ! endowed with intellects, and placed in a garden of luxuriant blessings, that only require your hand to cultivate them for your use and pleasure."

"Such were the precepts of the Abbe de Versac ; my observations through a life of perplexing vicissitudes, have invariably convinced me of their truth and propriety.

"At the age of seventeen I had acquired a competent knowledge of the classics, and had already composed many successful pieces in imitation of the Greek and Latin poets. The rocks of Vaucluse, consecrated by the inspiration of the Muses, had often echoed with my matin song, and the celestial form of the immortal Laura, frequently blest in visionary dreams the slumbers of the evening !

"I felt rapt, inspired, or mused beneath the laurelled bower, dedicated to love and virtue ! I wandered on the margin of the shallow rivulets that were once dear to the faithful Petrarch ; their murmurs soothed my pensive heart ; and, as I dropt a tear upon their bubbling surface, I experienced the conscious delight of having paid the tender tribute due to his memory and his sorrows ! Often did I cast my listless form on the sod, made sacred by the footsteps of the wandering lover. These were my happy moments—transient indeed they were, for they now almost appear to have been the phantoms of a bewildered fancy. The subduing hand of misery has nearly erased the very shadows of my early hours ; the bright delusions

of youth's glowing day are sunk in cold oblivion, as the glorious sun sets in the borders of the dark and troubled ocean !

"Filled with romantic inspiration, my mind was softened like the tempered wax, and ready to receive the tenderest impressions.

"In the vicinity of Avignon, beneath the shades of an embowering wood, devotion had long performed her sacred orison at the monastery of Saint Tereze ; the lofty walls were inaccessible, except on the fifteenth of June ; when, at the celebration of the Fete de Dieu, the gates were thrown open, and every eye was permitted to view the solemn ceremony of the high mass.

"Curiosity more than zeal led me to be a spectator : the holy sisters arranged in the chapel of the convent, sung their choral anthems, replete with seraphic harmony ; the vaulted arches repeated the thrilling sounds, while the fumes of heavenly incense curled around a thousand quivering tapers. Among the vestals, my every sense was fascinated by one, whose beauty far surpassed all I had yet conceived of mortal woman ! A sweet melancholy gave inexpressible softness to features exquisitely regular, and the meek blush of unaffected modesty heightened a complexion beautiful and glowing as the rays of morning. Her age pronounced her but newly initiated in holy duties, and her every look declared she was formed for that world from which she was secluded, in the deep and cheerless gloom of monastic apathy. I gazed upon her with a devotion more warm, more chaste than even apathy itself could

could have suggested. Her eye caught mine—I fancied a thousand childish things; my earnest attention seemed to perplex her; the crucifix fell from her trembling hand; she rose and left the chapel.

“I returned to Avignon. The image of this peerless angel never forsook me; I held her in my midnight slumbers; her voice vibrated on my enraptured ear, and awoke me to all the agonies of despair. Often did I wander, when the sun sunk beneath the horizon, to watch its last beam that illumined the vanes of her lonely habitation. Often did I listen whole hours beneath the hated walls that enclosed the treasure of my soul, to catch the distant and imperfect sound of the holy evening song. I fancied I could distinguish her voice from every other, and my heart panted sadly responsive to every swelling note.

“I remained several months in this state of perfect wretchedness, when an accident opened to my distracted mind a gleam of transitory comfort. The Abbe de Versac, disgusted with the depravity of mankind, having entered into the most rigid state of holy bondage, was frequently employed in the pious office of confessor to the Nuns of St. Terefe. A sudden indisposition preventing his usual attendance, I embraced the opportunity that presented itself; and, in the habit of a monk, bore to the abbess of the convent a precious recommendation of myself, deputing me as worthy of the sacred confidence. I was readily admitted into the cell of ghostly admonition, and fortune directed the heavenly Louisa to the footstool of contrition!

“The purity of her life scarcely left her a single error to acknowledge: my penance was as gentle as her soul was spotless: I requested her to peruse a lesson I had written for her, and to abide by the injunctions it contained; she thanked me, then with the voice of meekness and humility, implored my benediction and departed.

“My safety required that I should instantly withdraw from the sacred walls, lest the imposition should be detected, and at once destroy my reputation and my hopes. The transaction was soon made public, and I frequently heard eternal vengeance denounced against the daring perpetrator of so vile a fraud. The abbess offered an immense reward for apprehending the sacrilegious hypocrite, and every tongue united to condemn me. My letter acquainted her of my name quality, and fortune; which, by my father's death was not inconsiderable; I implored her compassion for my sufferings, and earnestly requested a decisive answer. I told her in the language of despair, that nothing should induce me to survive her resentment, and concluded my frantic prayer by informing her that I should watch ten successive nights beneath the walls that immured her, to receive the fiat of my irrecoverable destiny.”

At the twilight hour of the seventh day, when every breeze was hushed, and nature seemed to pause in melancholy silence, musing beneath the trees that encircled the prison of my idol, my ear was suddenly enchanted by the melody of a female voice. I drew near to the spot from whence

whence the sound proceeded, and distinctly heard the words of her complaint:—They pierced my very heart—attuning every nerve to sympathetic pity.

Elvira hinted a wish that he would endeavor to recollect them; he complied with her desire, and thus began :

- ' WITHIN this drear and silent gloom,
- ' The lost Louisa pines unknown ;
- ' Fate shrouds her in a living tomb,
- ' And Heav'n relentless hears her groan :
- ' Yet 'midst the murky shades of woe,
- ' The tear of fond regret shall flow.
- ' Yon lofty wall, that mocks my grief,
- ' Still echoes with my ev'ning pray'r ;
- ' The gale that fans the trembling leaf,
- ' Shall waft it thro the realms of air,
- ' Till prostrate at the throne of Heav'n,
- ' Unpitied love shall be forgiv'n !
- ' Or if to endless sorrow borne—
- ' If doom'd to fade a victim here ;
- ' Still pining, friendless, and forlorn,
- ' Ah ! let religion drop one tear :
- ' Like holy incense shall it prove,
- ' To heal the wounds of hopeless love.
- ' Ye black'ning clouds that sail along,
- ' Oh, hide me in your shade profound ;
- ' Ye whisp'ring breezes, catch my song,
- ' And bear it to the woods around !
- ' Perchance some hapless Petrarch's feet
- ' May wander near this dread retreat.
- ' Ah ! tell him love's delicious strain
- ' No rapture yields, no joy inspires,
- ' Where cold religion's icy chain
- ' Has long subdu'd its quiv'ring fires ;
- ' No ray of comfort gilds the gloom,
- ' That marks the hapless vestal's tomb !
- ' The ruby gem within my breast
- ' Now faintly glows with vital heat ;
- ' Each warring passion sinks to rest :
- ' My freezing pulses slowly beat.
- ' Soon shall these languid eye-lids close,
- ' And death's stern mandate seal my woes.
- ' Then, when the virgin's matin song
- ' Shall 'midst the vaulted roof resound,
- ' Haply the tuneful seraph throng
- ' Shall whisper gentle pity round :
- ' While virtue sighing o'er my bier,
- ' Shall drop unseen—a fainted tear !

From that moment I determined to release the beautiful Louisa, or perish between the flinty confines of her prison: the difficulties attending such an undertaking, and the dreadful punishment that would be inflicted on the perpetrator of such a crime, rendered every precaution necessary to ensure success.

Chance, however, completed what years of indefatigable industry might not have accomplished: The abbess of St. Teresa was suddenly attacked by an alarming indisposition, her life was supposed to be in extreme danger; and as the lady Louisa was of the highest rank among the holy sisterhood, she was entrusted with the entire government of the convent, and unlimited possession of the rights of a superior. It was not difficult under these circumstances to accomplish her wish; my letters were delivered without creating the smallest suspicion, and the rapturous hour was appointed for her escape from misery.

Her heart was susceptible of the finest passions; she relied on my honor, and I never deceived her. She had long considered herself as a victim doomed to eternal solitude; the extraordinary and unexpected change my propositions presented, the prospect of happiness that opened to her soul, gave energy to hope, and strength to resolution! I provided horses, and a convenient disguise; Heaven smiled upon the deed, and gave to my arms the beautiful Louisa.

We traversed the wood for some miles, and taking the rout towards Marseilles, in three days reached that port in safety.

There we were united in holy bands. The mistress of my af-

fections became the wife of my bosom! and I became the proud possessor of a treasure, worlds could not have purchased!

Having procured a vessel we set sail for Florence; the winds were propitious, we arrived unmolested at Leghorn, and from thence proceeded to the most beautiful city in the universe!

My adored Louisa, whose early days had been devoted to religious duties, evinced not the smallest desire to relinquish the delights of retirement; her mind accustomed to an uninterrupted scene of tranquility, dreaded to engage in the tumultuous bustle of the busy world. I hired a beautiful little villa in the vicinity of Florence, and blest in the full possession of all that mutual affection and mental gratification could afford, looked down with pity on the proudest distinctions in the power of any earthly monarch to bestow!

Three delicious years of perfect happiness cemented the bonds of undeviating attachment, when a regetta, in celebration of the pope's accession, awoke the attention, and excited the curiosity of all ranks of people.

My Louisa was tempted to partake of the amusement; and in the midst of delightful festivity, when every heart bounded with rapture—mine alone received the dreadful fiat of eternal anguish.

The Arno was beautifully serene; the silvery surface reflecting, as in a gently moving mirror, the verdant banks sloping to the margin, enamelled with flowers, and crowded with spectators. Thousands of little boats, decorated with variegated streamers, were seen skimming along the lucid

lucid current; some containing the most dulcet harmony, and others lightly shading with their silken awning, the sparkling eyes and roseate blushes of enchanting beauty!

My Louisa was charmed with the fascinating spectacle. Our *barcheta*, which was decorated with festoons of myrtle, was gently rowed by youths dressed in the habits of Arcadian shepherds. The mind, soothed to repose by the enchanting scene, sunk into that sweet indolence, which like the slumbers of wearied and exhausted nature replenishes its faculties and awakens its perfections to renovated lustre! My Louisa reclined her gentle form upon a mattress of yellow taffety; the warmth of the evening heightened the glow upon her lovely cheek, and threw a delicious languor on her eye, that rendered her the object of universal admiration.

My heart was full of rapture—I beheld my precious treasure with more delight than language can describe. The universe had nothing to bestow on me beyond what I possessed, and my enchanted senses could scarcely conceive any thing more divine, even in the regions of celestial happiness!

We arrested our oars to enjoy the exquisite harmony proceeding from a magnificent barge moored near the margin of the river; when, on a sudden, a young man, of athletic form, and noble mien, darted forward, and, seizing my beloved Louisa, was bearing her in his arms to a boat along side of us.

Every nerve that quivered round my heart, throbbed at this unexpected outrage; the stran-

ger committed his prize to the care of his companions, then advancing towards me, while the lightnings of revenge flashed from his indignant eyes, drew a stiletto from his sleeve, and aimed a stroke at my unguarded breast. I warded off the blow, and turned his dastard weapon on himself.—The point entered his heart—he sunk breathless at my feet.

Louisa opened her beauteous eyes to all the horrors of despair and death!—She had only time to exclaim, ‘My brother!’ when the life blood rushing from her convulsive lip,—she hid her icy cheek on my distracted bosom—and instantly expired!

Frenzy now seizing on my tortured brain, suggested the foul crime of self-annihilation; but justice like a pitying cherubim, snatched the dire weapon, recking with kindred blood, from my assassin hand. I was torn from the lifeless victims of impatience, and thrown into the dungeons of horror and repentance.—The count De Clairville, the brother of my murdered angel, was the only relation relentless fate had left her;—her name is now extinct—but her virtues are immortal! She had been compelled to take the veil, from a hate and little pride, which too frequently sacrifices the younger female branches of illustrious, but indigent families, to a barbarous and perpetual imprisonment.

The unfortunate De Clairville was returning from his travels; destined to a military life, he had lately received a commission, and was hastening to join his regiment then at Lyons.

He

He had eagerly engaged in the pursuit after his adored sister—Fate brought her to his view—then closed his eyes forever.

The count having given the first assault my punishment was mitigated; my doom ten years imprisonment; and afterwards perpetual banishment from a country, whose laws I had violated and whose annals I have stained with blood. The former part of my sentence expired in days of weeping, and rights of anguish—'till the excess of grief produced a sullen stupor, and rendered me insensible to every calamity.

Time gave again to my sad eyes the cheering light of Heaven, and with it all the pangs of fatal recollection. Driven from society—an alien to my native country—an outcast from every hope of future happiness—alone; unfriended, lost, forgotten—I knew not whither to direct my course: One half of my little fortune was forfeited to the state, and meagre poverty strete'd forth her icy fangs to seal my destiny. By perseverance through a long and painful journey, I arrived in Spain, a wanderer and unknown, laboring under the agonies of conscious misery.

I have from that hour resided among the mountains in the vicin-

ity of Madrid. My little hovel was too obscure to excite curiosity, and its solitary tenant too poor to dread interruption. Poverty and sorrow are the strongest securities against the intrusions of mankind; let adversity guard your threshold, and you may linger through a life of mournful seclusion.

Yet I do not presume to repine; for alas! every hour convinces me that prayers and tears are not sufficient to expiate my crimes. The penance I have imposed on myself, is a sad and tedious pilgrimage to Loretto, and the first instance I experience of divine benignity, is the benevolent hospitality I now enjoy in the forest of Vancenza.

The Pilgrim rising from his wicker chair, bowed respectfully to his lovely auditors. Elvira gave his sorrows a tributary tear—it revived his mournful heart—for it was the holy tear of commiserating virtue!

Before the sun arose from its eastern canopy, the Pilgrim resumed his toilsome journey of penitence and sorrow. The following melancholy verses were found upon the table in the chamber where he had passed the night.

O'ER desarts untrodden, o'er moss cover'd hills,

I have wander'd forlorn and alone;

My tears I have mingled with slow-winding rills,

And the rocks have repeated my groan.

I have seen the wan moon from her silver veil peep,

As she rose from her cloud dappled bed;

I have heard the dread hurricane yell 'midst the deep

As the light'ning play'd over my head.

When

When the tempest subsided, I saw the faint dawn
O'er the eastern cliff meekly appear ;
While each king-cup that droop'd on the dew-spangled lawn
From its golden lids drop'd a soft tear.

I have seen the bright day-star illumine the earth,
I have hail'd the proud sovereign of fire ;
I have marked the pale primrose, scarce waken'd to birth,
Ere I sigh'd to behold it expire.

How oft have I pitied the plaint of the dove,
How I've mus'd near the nightingale's nest !
For, ah ! when the minstrel sung sweetly of love,
'Twas soft sympathy thrill'd thro' my breast.

I have seen the tall forest o'ershadow the glade,
And extend its broad branches on high ;
But how soon have I mark'd its rich canopy fade,
And its yellow leaves whirl'd to the sky ?

I have sigh'd o'er the sod where some lover was laid ;
I have torn the rude weeds from his breast ;
I have deck'd it with flow'rets and oft have I said,
" How I envy thy pallet of rest ! "

I have trac'd the long shades of the wave's silky green,
When the storm gather'd over the main ;
I have gaz'd with delight on the landscape serene,
When the ev'ning bell toll'd on the plain.

Exulting and gay I have smil'd to behold
Proud nature luxuriantly drest ;
I have wept when I saw her uncover'd and cold,
And the winter-blast howl'd o'er her breast.

Since such are the scenes of this valley of care,
Since each pleasure is mingled with pain ;
Still let me the raptures of sympathy share,
And my bosom shall scorn to complain

Tho' destined to wander o'er mountains of snow,
Vanzenza, oh ! mansion divine !
The Pilgrim shall smile at his journey of woe,
And his heart, his warm heart, shall be thine.

Essay on Comets.

(Continued from page 142.)

ABBE MAN, a learned Englishman, long resident at Brussels, has likewise shewn, by unanswerable arguments, that there is a manifest and perfect analogy between the tails of these great and luminous bodies and the Aurora Borealis. Hence he concludes, that they both proceed from the same principle, and are formed of the same matter; that they are emanations of the electrical fluid from their respective bodies, and that this fluid often becomes a phlogiston, by the heterogeneous mixtures which it carries along with it in this emanation, which accounts for the different colours and other circumstances in these meteors—'As electrics,' says the Abbe, 'when sufficiently heated, become conductors of the electrical fluid, and yield emanations of it in proportion to the quantity they naturally contain, this is precisely the case with the earth and the comets in their perihelia. The approach of the comets to the sun, and the superabundant degree of heat, which they receive from this approach, dispose them to send forth a proportionable part of the electrical fluid whose emission produces all the phenomena we observe in the tails of comets, the Auroræ Boreales, and several electrical experiments. These phenomena, therefore have the same cause, and one common principle. In the recess of the comet and increasing distance from the sun, this emission of electrical matter diminishes gradually, and at last disappears, and instead of being an electrical conductor, which it was in its perihelion, it attracts the fluid, is

charged with it anew, and thus becomes electric until its approach to the sun, and the heat it acquires thereby, changes it again into a conductor.*'

From the prodigious activity of the electrical fluid, its tendency to escape from the bodies which contain it, and diffuse itself in the vast planetary regions, which come the nearest to void space, the ingenious abbe draws some conjectures relative to the uses and end which comets may serve in the planetary system. He thinks, that comets are real electrical bodies, designed to collect the electrical fluid, which has escaped from the planets; that the comets, heated by their approximation to the sun, communicate this fluid anew to the planets, and thus the perpetual circulation of this active fluid, so necessary to the great whole, is maintained and renewed incessantly; and that the operation of nature in the planetary system, are carried on in a manner analogous to what we constantly observe and experience in the perpetual circulations of our atmosphere, where winds, vapours, and exhalations rise and float; then return to us in rain, and snow, and fulminating explosions; and then again are exhaled and raised anew. 'Every thing,' he judiciously observes, 'is analogous and harmonical in universal nature.'

I shall conclude this paper with the moral reflection of an elegant writer: 'I cannot forbear reflecting

NOTE.

* *Memoir concerning Elementary Fire, &c. in Memoirs of the Academy at Brussels, Vol. II.*

reflecting on the insignificance of human art when set in comparison with the designs of Providence. In the pursuit of this thought, I considered a comet, or in the language of the vulgar, a blazing star, as a sky-rocket discharged by a hand that is Almighty. Many of my readers saw that in the year 1680, and if they are not mathematicians, will be amazed to hear, that it travelled with a much greater degree of swiftness than a cannon ball, and drew after it a tail of fire, that was fourscore millions of miles in length.—

What an amazing thought is it to consider this stupendous body traversing the immensity of creation with such a rapidity, and at the same time wheeling about in that line which the Almighty has prescribed for it! That it should move in such inconceivable fury and combustion, and at the same time with such an exact regularity! How spacious must the universe be, that gives such bodies as these their full play, without suffering the least disorder or confusion by it? What a glorious show are those beings entertained with, that can look into this great theatre of nature, and see myriads of such tremendous objects wandering through those immeasurable depths of æther, and running their appointed courses! our eyes may hereafter be strong enough to command this magnificent prospect, and understandings able to find out the several uses of these great parts of the universe. In the mean time, they are very proper objects for our imagination to contemplate, that we may form more exalted notions of infinite wisdom and power, and learn to think humbly of ourselves, and

of all the little works of human invention.'†

N. T. E.

† *Guardian* No. 103

The history of Capt. William Harrison: Or the Partial Father providentially admonished.

(Continued from page 155.)

THE invitation of the goaler was embraced with pleasure by the Captain and his lady, and as he had in his conversation, manifested a degree of sensibility superior to what those of his station have generally credit for from the world, he was solicited to attend them: they had visited several rooms, bestowed trifling sums on some, whose apparent dissoluteness of manners seemed to place them out of the walk of real benevolence, and released from dures a number, the amount of whose debts were trifling, when at length they reached a small upper room, the apartment of an aged debtor, who was the person to whom the goaler had reference, when he mentioned the probability of their meeting with at least one worthy subject of benevolence.

From the extensive liberality of his visitants the goaler had conceived the highest ideas relative to their fortune and real goodness of heart; but he was peculiarly charmed with the conduct of the lady, who delivered a card of direction to each of the released prisoners, requesting them to call on her, as she thought it probable the captain would have occasion for some of their work, and she hoped to find them industrious.

But to return to the old gentleman. The goaler indulged the belief that the liberality of his guests

guests would prove commensurate to his necessities : and that his affecting story might strike their minds as forcibly as it had done his own, he forbore to mention a single circumstance of it, only generally remarking, that the poor old man was equally worthy as unfortunate, as far as he could discover.

Thus prepossessed in his favour they had entered the room, without disturbing the ag'd tenant, who was busied in putting together a few boards, to serve by way of bedstead, on a small frame he had previously erected. The company had seated themselves in the most convenient manner the circumstances of the apartment allowed, when the goaler informed the prisoner, that the gentleman and lady in his company, from the most exalted motives, had called to enquire the state of the prison, and afford relief, or discharge, to the confined, as benevolence seemed to dictate. The old gentleman fetched an involuntary sigh ; the tears of sensibility sought the furrows of his cheek, he wiped them off with his hand, and respectfully raised his eyes towards the captain : but no pen can describe his emotion, or the surprise of Mrs. Harrison and the goaler, when starting from his seat he exclaimed, oh ! merciful God ! can it be possible ! at the same moment the captain rose and attempted to approach him, but his limbs refused their office, the colour faded on his cheek, his open bosom heaved with convulsive throws, he fell into the arms of the aged prisoner, and both sank together to the floor. At this moving crisis a venerable old lady, neatly, though obscurely attired, entered the room

—for a moment she contemplated the features of the captain, with amazing earnestness, when convulsively shrieking, oh Heaven ! my long lost son, my Billy ! she swooned in the arms of the goaler — The mystery was sufficiently explained to the young Mrs. Harrison : filial affection and most dutiful love agonized her divided attention. She flew from one to the other in tender solicitude, but paid peculiar regard to her aged mother : the Captain recovered his reason, “ Oh ! Amanda !— my father ! ” — Turning his eyes a little, “ Merciful preserver ! my mother too ! ” continued he, and again relapsed into a momentary state of insensibility. “ Alas, my son ! ” cried the reviving father, “ little did I expect the happiness of embracing thee on earth : if it be possible, my son, pity and forgive the weakness, the wickedness of my former — ” “ Pardon me, my father,” said the dutiful son, interrupting him, “ spare me on every ungrateful subject, command your son with confidence, whose happiness cannot be augmented, if your's and my dear mother's prove the result : ” the old lady recovered her senses, her son became her dutiful supporter, receiving her from the arms of the goaler, “ My dear mother,” said he, “ that we yet live to see this happy moment, that Providence has placed it in my lot, as I humbly trust it has, to relieve the distress of my father, receive a parental blessing, and share it with a daughter worthy all your love, still calls for the exercise of infinite beneficence to enable me to sustain the flow of unexpected joy.

“ My

"My son!" "My honored father!" "My Billy!" "My respected mother!" with tender embraces, affectionate ejaculations, and heartfelt congratulations occupied a few succeeding minutes, until calmness being restored in a desirable degree, and the daughter having received the blessing and embrace of her new parents, she proposed sending for a coach to convey them home, meanwhile, continued she, to the goaler, let the day become a jubilee to the unfortunate, whose debts can be encompassed within the sum of 200 guineas, and a season of enjoyment to the residue.

But do you consider, my love said the captain, the probable extent of the orders you have given? My father's debts most probably are large, I left him in affluence—"And you find him interrupted she in distress, from which, adored by the bounteous hand hath given, we are able, I trust, to relieve, and yet leave a competence to cherish them, and discharge our duty. Nay, my love, says she, perceiving the captain about to reply, I mean not to assume the direction of important concerns, which receive so peculiar a grace from you, but only on this, my second wedding day, to assist you in the arduous duties of benevolence." Tears prevented reply, except from eyes beaming in ecstasy. She enquired of the goaler the total of accounts on which the old gentleman was detained, he told her it amounted to a thousand pounds, "A thousand pounds" said she in apparent ecstasy, why I would not sell an hour of my present felicity for double the sum. She tore a leaf from her pocket book

instantly, and drew on a correspondent of her father's for the sum and costs, pleasantly observing, that if her father regretted that sum, as the price of shaking his brother by the hand, she would pay it out of her pinmoney. This business being dispatched, she presented a bumper of reviving cordial, procured by her order by one of the newly released prisoners, whom the noise had drawn around in numbers, to the dear circle of her care, and having taken an exhilarating draught herself, they descended to the vehicle provided to take them to their lodgings, the goaler leading the way, the daughter arm in arm with the father, and the son supporting his mother.

Every necessary preparation having been made by the lovely Amanda to provide the old couple with suitable attire, and the most endearing conduct of herself and husband evincing in the clearest light, disinterested benevolence and truly dutiful affection, soon accommodated the feelings of the aged pair to their happy reverse of circumstances.

In the enjoyment of pleasures to which the old people had long been unaccustomed, they spent a few happy days, when the first transports of joy having subsided, and reason reassumed her reign, the captain respectfully requested his parents, if the recital would not be too painful, to give a concise relation of the events which had led to so sad a reverse of fortune as he had beheld, and from which an all-wise providence had enabled him to relieve them, and made an affectionate enquiry after his brother Henry.

"Alas!"

"Alas! my son," said the venerable father, "How justly has a righteous God exercised the rod of correction towards me through that unfortunate youth. The unreasonable partiality I had for him, though often remonstrated against and pointed out by your mother, and a few worthy friends, even before your separation from us, was not made fully evident to me, until ruin became the inevitable consequence of it. In less than a year after you left us, the irregularity of your brother's conduct, the extravagance of his pleasures, and his fatal attachment to gaming, involved him in enormous debts, the discharge of which I found began to impair my circumstances. I remonstrated with him frequently, and unsuccessfully: He became perverse as necessity compelled me to grow severe. At length, ruin staring me in the face, I was forced utterly to deny paying any of his future contracts; but alas! even this necessary severity failed of the desired effect; he soon after quitted my house in disgust, having previously possessed himself of several obligations of considerable amount from my desk, and all the cash from my scrutoire.

The judge of hearts is my witness, my dear son, how sincerely I now regretted every instance of unkindness offered to you; your weeping mother never reproached me, but a wounded conscience, who can bear! I revealed my distress to her, and in very bitterness of soul confessed the justness of my punishment, which I believed was inflicted on your account and would involve me ultimately in ruin temporal and eternal. Your mother tenderly re-

monstrated against the wickedness of my despondence: "God will preserve my wandering Billy," said she, "and guide him in the paths of virtue. He will yet restore him to my arms, and to the happyfying embrace of a reconciled father. Let us if possible, reclaim a guilty indulgence-ruined child, and trust the cause of innocence to heaven." Her words had a divine effect, I trust, I wept and prayed, and Heaven was pleased to mitigate my sufferings.

In a few months after I received a letter from your brother, representing his case as the most singularly distressful, and that without the most speedy and liberal assistance, his character at least, if not his life, must pay the forfeiture of guilty indiscretion. This sad scroll was dated in prison—and concluded with assurance that delay was fatal.

How to conduct in so distressful circumstances baffled my power of determination for some hours, at last with the advice of your mother, I mortgaged my only remaining plantation for two thousand pounds, conditioned to be repaid in ten years, and possession given whenever insisted on, relying on the clemency of a pretended friend, to neglect a demand for which I knew he could not be necessitated, until providence relieved me from embarrassment: but how vain is trust in man when interest pleads against you: the mortgagee in a short time insisted on my quitting the plantation, which I did soon after my return from South Carolina.

But to return to my story: after possessing myself of the mortgage money of my estate, I hastened to see in what circumstances

I should find your brother, determining to conduct with the greatest circumspection. Alas! circumspection was almost totally useless in the case: His crimes were aggravated and the proof unequivocal, so that in compounding for some, and paying the fine imposed upon him for others, I once more found my purse nearly half exhausted, with the additional mortification of hearing him sentenced to a public ignominious punishment.

I reflected a short space what to do, and at length determined to release him if practicable. Accordingly his prison was broken at midnight, the sum of 200l. in bank notes given him, accompanied with ardent prayers for his reform, and a sound fleet horse to carry my guilty wanderer I knew not whither.

(The remainder unavoidably postponed until our next.)

THE INDIAN COTTAGE, a Tale founded on fact. Translated from the French for the Verment Magazine.

(Continued from page 119.)

IT is very well observed, sincere man, said the Doctor, but the greatest difficulty is not removed yet, where must we look for truth? it is in our power, I own, to seek it with a simple heart, but we cannot make that valuable present to those from whom we expect to learn truth. Where can it be found, since those who are round us are more or less influenced by prejudices, or corrupted by self interest, as they certainly are for the most part? I have travelled among a great variety of nations, scrutinized their books; and consulted their Doctors; and I have uniformly

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met with contradictions, doubts and opinions a thousand times more varied than their languages. If truth cannot be found in the most celebrated repositories of human knowledge, where shall it be found? or what use can you make of a simple heart, among men who have a false judgment, and a corrupted heart? Truth would lose its authenticity in my view, did I receive it at men's hands, answered the Paria: it is not among them that I look for truth; it is in nature. Nature is the source of all that exists; its language is not unintelligible, and varied like that of men and their books. Men make books, nature makes things. If you take a book for the foundation of truth, you might as well depend on a picture or a statue, which often interests one country only, and which time alters every day. All books are the art of man, but nature is the art of God. You are very right, said the doctor, nature must be the source of natural truths. But for instance, where is the source of historical truth, if not in books? how can we avouch for the truth of facts which happened two thousand years ago? those who transmitted them were subject to prejudices and party spirit. Had they a simple heart? Besides the very books from which we learn them, go through the hands of copyists, printers, commentators, and translators; who knows but these different people alter the truth more or less? as you well observe, a book is but the art of man: of course we must renounce all historical information, since there is no other channel through which we can receive

ceive it. How can the history of past events be necessary to our present happiness, refused the Paria? the history of what is, is that of what has been, and that of what will be: admitted, said the englishman; but you must own that moral truths are necessary for the happiness of the human race. How then can we find them in nature? there the animals wage a cruel war against one another, and kill and devour the inimical species; the very elements struggle together; must men follow their example? not at all, answered the good Paria, for every man if his heart is simple will find within himself the rule of his conduct. There nature wrote this law: *do by others as you wish to be done by.* It is true observed the doctor, nature has regulated the interest of the human race on self interest: but religious truths, how can we come at them amidst so many traditions and cults (or sects) which divide every nation? by the help of nature itself said the Paria; if we study it with a simple heart, it will teach us to contemplate God's righteousness, intelligence, and goodness, and from our weakness, ignorance and misery, we shall find motives enough to adore and worship, and to love God all our life time, without disputing.

Wonderful, exclaimed the Doctor! but now tell me added he, when we discover a truth, ought we to communicate it to other men? if we publish it, we shall be persecuted by an infinity of people, who depend on the contrary error for a living, and who will firmly maintain that the very error is truth itself, and all that militates against it is error itself. You must communicate

truth, said the Paria, to men who have a simple heart: I mean to the honest man who seeks after it, and not to the wicked who wish to destroy it. Truth is a fine pearl, and the wicked man is a Crocodile who cannot hang it on his ears, because he has none. If you throw a pearl to a Crocodile, instead of adorning himself with it, his first attempt will be to devour it; he will break his teeth, and in his rage fly at you.

I have but one more objection to make said the Doctor; the natural conclusion I must draw from what you have said, is, that men must live in error, although truth is necessary to them; for since they persecute those who reveal it to them; where is the doctor that will instruct them? He that persecutes men to learn them truth, I mean misfortune, answered the Paria: you are certainly wrong this time, exclaimed the doctor, misfortune makes men superstitious; and debilitates the human heart; the more wretched men are, the more meanness, credulity, and servility you will find among them. Because they are not yet wretched enough, refused the Paria. Misfortune is like the black mountain of Bember, at the extremity of the burning kingdom of Lahor: as long as you are climbing the mountain, you can observe nothing but baren rocks; but when you attain its summit, you discover the heavens over your head and under your feet the luxuriant kingdom of Cashmire.

A fine and very just simile, observed our english traveller: every body in the course of his life has his mountain to ascend. Your virtuous solitary, must have

have been very rough, you are so much above any man of my acquaintance: you drank very deep of the bitter cup. But tell me why is your sect so much despised in India, and that of the Bramins so much respected? I am this evening returning from the Pagod of the high priest of Jagrenat, who does not respect any more than his idol; and who exacts the worship due to God only. Because said the Paria, the Bramins pretend, that in the beginning they originated from the head of the God Brama, and the Parias from his feet, they add to this that Brama travelling, asked once of a Paria something to eat, and was instantly presented with human flesh; since that tradition their caste is held in the highest honor, and ours looked upon as infamous in India. We have not the liberty to come near a city, and any reisput has a right to kill us, if we come near enough to taint him with our breath. By St. George, swore the englishman, what an absurd and abominable prejudice! how could the Bramins inculcate such nonsense in the hearts of the indians? by teaching it to them in their infancy answered the Paria, and founding it perpetually in their hearing: men are instructed like Parrots. Poor fellow, cried the englishman, how come you to rise from the abyss of infamy in which the Bramins had precipitated you at your very birth? nothing can be more fatal to a man than to make him mean in his own eyes: it is ravishing from him the first of consolations, for the surest is that which a man finds when he retreats within his own soul.

I first asked myself said the Paria, is the tradition of the God Brama a verified truth? the Bramins only, who have an interest in propagating their divine origin, maintain its authenticity: they doubtless invented the calumny, and reported that a Paria had tempted Brama to become a cannibal, in order to be revenged of the incredulity of the Parias, who laughed at their doctrine. But admitting the fact; my next reflection was, that it was inconsistent with God's justice to punish the whole sect for the crime of one of its members, when the sect had no share in it. Even if the whole caste of the Parias had participated in the offence, their offspring had no hand in it. God does not punish in children the crimes of their ancestors whom they never saw, nor will he punish forefathers for the faults of their grandchildren not yet born. But let me suppose that I am now chastised for the offence of a Paria guilty of some heinous crime in the eyes of his God some thousands years ago, though I have not shared in his crime, and examine how probable it is. Could any thing subsist if hated by God? was I cursed by my maker, what I plant would not grow! finally I concluded that if I even was an abomination to God who showers his blessings on me, I must try to become agreeable to him, by doing good, like himself, to those whom I should in seeming justice hate.

But, enquired the doctor, how did you make out to subsist, being repulsed from society? at first said the Indian I addressed myself

Self thus ; if every body is thy enemy, become thy own friend. Thy misfortunes are not more than a man can bear ; however heavy a show'r, a little bird receives but a trifling drop of it. I frequented the woods and the banks of the rivers in quest of my necessary food ; but could find nothing besides wild fruits, and even those I had to dispute with wild beasts : thus I learnt that nature had made nothing for man alone, and that my existence depended on that very society which rejected me with horror. I wandered then in the many forlorn and abandoned forests of India, and constantly found plants that had never been the object of agriculture.

(To be continued.)

For the *Vermont Magazine*.

An interesting fact, interwoven with useful historical information.

Translated from the French for the *Vermont Magazine*.

(Continued from page 132.)

TOWARDS the end of the 11th century, Europe's population was immense. The emigration of the Barbarians, like so many torrents had inundated France, Spain, Italy, & Germany.—The greatest part of the monasteries were so destitute of funds, that the monks were obliged to work for their living : the people were plunged in horrid disorders ; and the holy land was in the hands of the infidels. In order to thin the population, enrich the monks, reform the morals, and recover Jerusalem, God sent forth a glorious Hermit, whose name was Peter, who preached the crusade in God's name, and enjoined it on all the faithful, promising in the name of the Pope, a full in-

dulgence of all sins, to any who would aid the sacred undertaking with their lives or fortunes.

Two such powerful motives could not fail in producing their effect. Upwards of eighty thousand croises leave France and Germany, under the care of the Hermit. The van guard commanded by Gautier Sans-argent i. e. Gautier Pennyless, displayed their courage on their route, by massacring in cool blood one full half the nation of the Bulgars. The general follows his Lieutenant, and on his being refused provisions for his army in Hungary, he takes *Mallavilla* by storm, and put its citizens to the sword : a severity justly inflicted on that obdurate people who refused to co-operate in the holy expedition !

Fifteen thousand Germans, headed by the famous preacher Godeschal, follow the Hermits army ; but at the approach of the new apostles, the Hungarians are alarmed, and fearing new disasters, they fall on the preacher and exterminate his fifteen thousand men. Two hundred thousand croises soon follow that handful, put to the sword every Jew they can take, and drive the rest to such stress of despair, that having ripped open their wives and children they put an end to their deplorable existence. Such christian-like actions, is soon rewarded with the crown of martyrdom, which they share, with three quarters of those who had preceded them, being slaughtered to a man.

The Hermit and Gautier arrive before Constantinople with the rest of their troops ; and to convince the incredulous, that God

often

often makes use of the unworthy, and even of the wicked to accomplish his unfathomable purposes, a troop of banditti join themselves to the soldiers of Christ; they plunder together the country near the town, cross the Bosphorus; every thing gives away before them; but the devil, jealous of their exploits, awakes the tyrant of Bithinia who routs them entirely.

Seven hundred thousand more croises penetrate into Asia, their chief repairs the Hermits fortunes, he takes Nice, Antioche, Edesse, Jerusalem; and makes such massacre of the heathen, that the most obdurate soldiers, in his army, would have beheld the carnage with horror, had it not been made for Gods greatest glory.

The glorious news had no sooner reach'd the european shores than two hundred thousand recruits assemble to prosecute the grand design of the crusades.—Hugh of France returns to Europe, and takes them under his command: part of them are destroyed in Greece, Soliman falling on the rest, cuts them to pieces, and their chief dies abandoned in Asia. So true is it, that insurmountable obstacles are often thrown in the way to frustrate the accomplishment of a desirable and laudable event!

The European christians weakened by their victories, attenuated by sickness and the climate; the division of their conquests, the misunderstanding that existed between their chiefs, and the loss of Edesse, solicit another crusade.

St. Bernard preaches the new undertaking with that enthusiasm which characterises him, he rents his clothes, work miracles, prophe-

cies, absolves; and the apostolic zeal electrifies again the inflammable french, and the phlegmatic Germans. The emperor Conradus, flies, plundering as he goes, and finally falls in the snares of the tyrant of Iconia who annihilates his whole army—Young Louis is beaten at Laodicea, and dishonored by his wife at Antioche: hunger and misery drives what croises survived to Europe. Saladin beats the christians of Asia at Tyberiad, takes Guy of Lusignas, the true crois, and Jerusalem. All was lost! if (by a wonderful protection from above) that Saladin had not neglected avenging the blood of the infidels, which the christians had not spared on a similar occasion, eighty eight years before.

This disaster plunged Europe in the deepest consternation.—*Barberousse*, the emperor, swears he will avenge christendom. He sets out for Asia, beats the enemy twice, takes Iconia by storm, and would have accomplished no less than the complete conquest of the holy land, when, horrid to tell! he is accidentally drowned in the river Cydenus, and leaves only behind him seven or eight thousand men, which his son rallies, to join them to the broken remains of Lusignans army.

Meanwhile Philip Augustus, and Richard, arrives in Syria: they find themselves at the head of an army of three hundred thousand fighting men. They take Ptolomais, and plan to push their conquest farther. But the devil, who has an interest in ruining the best undertakings, excited a jealousy between the two princes, and Philip returns to France. Richard defeats Saladin at Cesa-
rea;

rea; Saladin finally ruins Richard's army, this last being obliged to return to England falls into the hands of the emperor, Henry VIth, his mortal enemy.

The ardor of the crusades was not yet checked, a multitude of new heroes embark at Venice for Dalmatia; They take Zara at their landing: instead of making for the holy land, Constantinople, which had probably incurred the wrath of Heaven, becomes now the object of their zeal. They escalate, ransack, pillage and burn, that superb city. They blaspheme, ravish & lay waste all they meet, destroy the churches, dash the altars and images to shivers, dance in the *Sanctum Sanctorum* of St. Sophia, and precipitate the emperor Mirzafios from the top of a high column. To crown the work Baudoin of Flanders usurps the crown of the murdered emperor; but the Bulgars having taken the new sovereign, cut off his legs and arms, and exposed his mangled trunk, to the wild beasts.

(To be continued.)

Observations on Boston. By J. P. Brissot De Warville.

[Continued from page 126.]

LET us not blame the Bostonians; they think of the useful, before procuring to themselves the agreeable.

They have no brilliant monuments; but they have neat and commodious churches, but they have good houses, but they have superb bridges, and excellent ships. Their streets are well illuminated at night; while many ancient cities of Europe, containing proud monuments of art, have never yet thought of pre-

venting the fatal effects of nocturnal darkness.

Besides the societies for the encouragement of agriculture and manufactures, they have another, known by the name of the Humane Society. Their object is to recover drowned persons. It is formed after the model of the one at London, and that is copied from the one at Paris. They follow the same methods as in Europe, and have rendered important succours.

The Medical Society is not less useful, than the one last mentioned. It holds a correspondence with all the country towns; to know the symptoms of local diseases, propose the proper remedies, and give instruction thereupon to their fellow-citizens.

Another establishment is the alms-house. It is destined to the poor, who, by age and infirmity, are unable to gain their living. It contains at present about 150 persons.

Another, called the workhouse, or house of correction. It is not so much peopled as you might imagine. In a rising country, in an active port, where provisions are cheap, good morals predominate, and the number of thieves and vagabonds is small. These are vermin attached to misery; and there is no misery here.

The state of exports and imports of this industrious people, to prove to you how many new branches of commerce they have opened since the peace, I refer to the general table of the commerce of the United States, which I propose to lay before you.

An employment which is, unhappily, one of the most lucrative

tive in this state is the profession of the Law. They preserve still the expensive forms of the english practice, which good sense and the love of order, ought to teach them to suppress; they render advocates necessary; they have likewise borrowed from their fathers, the English, the habit of demanding exorbitant fees. But, notwithstanding the abuses of the law proceedings, they complain very little of the Lawyers.—Those with whom I have been acquainted, appear to enjoy a great reputation for integrity; such as Sumner, Wendell, Lowell, Sullivan.

They did themselves honor in the affair of the Tender Act, by endeavoring to prevent it from being enacted, and afterwards to diminish as much as possible its unjust effects.

It is in part to their enlightened philanthropy, that is to be attributed the law of the 26th of March, 1788, which condemns to heavy penalties, all persons who shall import or export slaves or be concerned in this infamous traffic.

Finally, they have had a great part in the revolution, by their writings, by their discourses, by taking the lead in the affairs of Congress, and in foreign negotiation.

To recall this memorable period, is to bring to mind one of the greatest ornaments of the American bar, the celebrated Adams; who, from the humble station of a school-master, has raised himself to the the first dignities; whose name is as much respected in Europe, as in his own country, for the difficult embassies with which he has been charged. He has, finally, returned to his retreat, in the midst of the ap-

plauses of his fellow citizens, occupied in the cultivation of his farm, and forgetting what he was when he trampled on the pride of his king, who had put a price upon his head, and who was forced to receive him as the ambassador of a free country. Such were the generals and ambassadors of the best ages of Rome and Greece; such were Epaminondas, Cincinnatus, and Fabius.

It is not possible to see Mr. Adams, who knows so well the American constitutions, without speaking to him of that which appears to be taking place in France. I don't know whether he has an ill opinion of our character, of our constancy, or of our understandings; but he does not believe that we can establish a liberty, even equal to what the English enjoy;* he does not believe we have even the right, like the ancient States General, to require that no tax should be imposed without the consent of the people. I had no difficulty in combating him, even by authorities, independant of the social compact, against which no time, no concessions, can prescribe.

Mr. Adams is not the only man distinguished in this great revolution, who has retired to the obscure labors of a country life. General Heath is one of those worthy imitators of the Roman Cincinnatus; for he likes not the American *Cincinnatti*: their eagle appears to him a gewgaw, proper only for children. On shewing me a letter from the immortal Washington, whom he loves as a father, and reveres as
an

NOTE.

* The event has proved how much he was deceived.

an angel—this letter, says he, is a jewel which, in my eyes, surpasses all the eagles and ribbons in the world. It was a letter on which that General had felicitated him for his good conduct on a certain occasion. With what joy did this respectable man shew me all parts of his farm! What happiness he enjoys on it! He is a true farmer. A glass of cyder which he presented to me with frankness and good humour painted on his countenance, appeared to me superior to the most exquisite wines. With this simplicity, men are worthy of liberty, and are sure of enjoying it for a long time.

This simplicity characterises almost all the men of this state who have acted distinguished parts in the revolution: such, among others, as Samuel Adams, and Mr. Hancock the present governor. If ever man was an idolator of republicanism, it is Samuel Adams, and never man united more virtues to give respect to his opinions. He has excess of republican virtues, untainted probity, simplicity, modesty,* and, above all, firmness: he will have no capitulation with abuses; he fears as much the despotism of virtue and talents, as the despotism of vice. Cherishing the greatest love and respect for Washington, he voted to take from him the

command at the end of a certain term; he recollected that Cæsar could not have succeeded in turning over the republic, but by prolonging the command of the army. The event has proved that the application was false; but it was by a miracle, & the safety of a country should not be risked on the faith of a miracle.

Samuel Adams is the best supporter of the party of Governor Hancock. You know the great sacrifices which the latter made in the revolution, and the boldness with which he declared himself at the beginning of the insurrection. The same spirit of patriotism animates him still. A great generosity, united to a vast ambition, forms his character: he has the virtues and the address of popularisation; that is to say, that, without effort, he shews himself the equal, and friend of all. I supped at his house with a hatter, who appeared to be in great familiarity with him. Mr. Hancock is amiable and polite, when he wishes to be; but they say he does not always cause it. He has a marvellous gout, which dispenses him from all attentions, and forbids the access to his house. Mr. Hancock has not the learning of his rival, Mr. Bowdoin; he seems even to disdain the sciences. The latter is more esteemed by enlightened men; the former more beloved by the people. Among the partizans of the government, I distinguished two brothers by the name of Jarvis; one is comptroller-general of the state; the other, a physician, and member of the legislature. The first has as much calmness of examination and profundity of thought

as

NOTE.

* When I compare our legislators, with their airs of importance, always fearing they shall not make wise enough, that they shall not be sufficiently praised; when I compare them to these modern republicans, I fear for the success of the revolution. The vain man can never be far from slavery.

as the latter has of rapidity in his penetration, agility in his ideas, and vivacity in his expression. They resemble each other in one point, that is in simplicity—the first of republican virtues; a virtue born with the Americans, and only acquired with us. If I were to paint to you all the estimable characters which I found in this charming town, my portraits would never be finished. I found every where that hospitality, that affability, that friendship for the French, which M. Chastellux has so much exalted. I found them especially with Messrs. Breck, Russell, Gore, Barrett, &c.

The parts adjacent to Boston are charming and well cultivated, adorned with elegant houses and agreeable situations. Among the surrounding eminences you distinguish Bunker-Hill. This name will recall to your mind the famous Warren, one of the first martyrs of American liberty. I owed an homage to his generous manes, and I was eager to pay it. You arrive at Bunker-Hill by the superb bridge at Charleston, of which I have spoken. This town was entirely burnt by the English in their attack on Bunker-Hill. It is at present rebuilt with elegant houses of wood. You see here the store of Mr. Gorham, formerly president of Congress. This hill offers one of the most astonishing monuments of American valor; it is impossible to conceive how seven or eight hundred men, badly armed, and fatigued, having just constructed in haste a few miserable entrenchments, and who knew nothing, or very little, of the use of arms, could resist for so long a time, the attack of thousands of the English troops, fresh, well discipli-

ned, succeeding each other in the attack. But such was the vigorous resistance of the Americans, that the English lost 1200 men killed and wounded, before they became masters of the place. Observe that they had two frigates, which, crossing their fire on Charleston, prevented the arrival of succour to the Americans. Yet it is very probable the English would have been forced to retire, had not the Americans failed in ammunition.

While the friend of liberty is contemplating this scene, and dropping a tear to the memory of Warren, his emotions of enthusiasm are renewed on viewing the expressive picture of the death of that warrior, painted by Mr. Trumbull, whose talents may equal, one day, those of the most famous masters.

I must finish this long and too long, letter. Many objects remain still to entertain you with in this state; such as the constitution, debts, taxes; but I refer them to the general table which I shall make of them for the United States. The taxable heads of this state are upwards of 100,000, acres of arable land 200,000, pasturage 340,000, uncultivated 2,000,000, tons of shipping at Boston 60,000.

A N E C D O T E :

LORD FALKLAND, the author of the play called *The Marriage Night*, was chosen very young to sit in Parliament; and when he was first elected, some of the members opposed his admission; urging, that he had not sowed all his wild oats.—Then, replied he, it will be the best way to sow the remainder in the house where there are so many Geese to pick them up.

DURING the late war, when draughts were made from the militia, to recruit the continental army, a certain captain gave liberty to the men, who were draughted from his company, to make their objections, if they had any, against going into the service. Accordingly, one of them who had an impediment in his speech, came up to the captain, and made his bow. 'What is your objection?' said the captain. 'I ca ca-cant go,' answered the man, 'because I st-st-flutter.' 'Stutter!' says the captain, 'you don't go there to talk but to fight.' 'Aye, but they'll p-p-put me upon g-g-g-guard, and a man may go ha-ha-half a mile, before I can say, wh-wh-who goes there?' 'Oh that is no objection, for they will place some other sentry with you, and he can challenge if you can fire;' well, b-b-but I may be ta-ta-taken, and run through the gu-guts, before I can cry qu-qu-qu-quarters.'—This last plea prevailed, and the captain, out of humanity, (laughing heartily) dismissed him.

EARLY in life, *Swift* was once preaching an assize sermon in Ireland, and in the course of it was very severe upon the counsel for pleading for people against their own conscience.—After dinner a young barrister, not knowing whom he had to deal with, thought he would be even with the parson; and having said a great many things against the clergy which the doctor took no notice of, at length said, 'that if the devil was to die, he did not doubt but a parson might be found who would preach his funeral ser-

mon.' 'Yes, sir,' says *Swift*, 'I would willingly take that office myself, and give the devil his due, as I did his children this morning.'

Historical Anecdote.

AFTER the execution of monsieur de Barnevelt, his sons conspired against Maurice, prince of Orange, who procured the death of their father. The plot was discovered, and the eldest son condemned to be beheaded; madame de Barnevelt on this melancholy occasion, went and threw herself at the prince's feet, beseeching him to pardon her son. The prince told her he was greatly surprised, that she, who had not solicited a pardon for her husband, should now intercede for her son: to which she made this truly heroic answer: 'I did not sue for a pardon for my husband, because he was innocent; but I implore it for my son, because he is guilty.' The Prince granted her request.

R E P A R T E E.

THE emperor Augustus Cesar was never offended at a good joke, and the Romans knew it. It was reported to him, that there was a young man, who lived at a distance from Rome, that most strikingly resembled him, whom he accordingly sent for: and surveying him for some time, said jocosely, 'you do, indeed, resemble me, young man; but pray, has not your mother been at Rome?' 'No, Sire,' returned the Plebeian, 'my mother never was at Rome in her life; but my father used frequently to come hither.'

The S E A T of A P O L L O.

J U L I E T.—A FRAGMENT.

***** S H E was sitting at the head of the grave, and the grass was beginning to look green upon the turf round the stone where her tears usually fell.—She had not observed me, and I stood still.—‘Thou hast left me my beloved, (said she bending her face down to the turf)—thou hast left me; but it was to attend a dearer call—I will not weep (wiping her eyes with her handkerchief)—I will not weep for it was the call of one who loved thee better. Thou hast flown to his bosom, and what hast thou left behind thee for thy poor JULIET, but this cold sod?’—She was silent for some moments. The full moon was just beginning to climb over the tops of the trees as I came up; and as she stooped to kiss the turf, I saw the tears trickling thro’ the moon beams in hasty drops from her eyes.—‘Thou hast left me, (said JULIET, raising her face from the grave)—but we shall meet again—I shall see thy face again, and hear thee speak; and then we shall part no more—She rose cheerfully to retire. The tear was still trembling in her eye. Never ’till that moment did I behold so soft a charm. One might read the sentence in her face.—‘Thou hast left me, (said the tear)—But we shall meet again, AND THEN, WE SHALL PART NO MORE—(said the smile)—blessed religion! tho’t I, how happy are thy children! S.

O R I G I N A L P O E T R Y.

FOR THE VERMONT MAGAZINE.

LEGIAK, to the memory of Betsey, daughter of Captain Martin Norton; Prudence, daughter of Mr. Aaron Deming; Polly and Sally, twin daughters of Major Eleazer Hawks: all infants under three years old, and Mrs. Betsey, consort of Capt. Benjamin Fasset, of Bennington. Who all died in the course of six days. Humbly presented to the bereaved relatives and friends, by a

SYMPATHIZING NEIGHBOR.

An O D E.—Tune AMANDA.

B E H O L D ! the loveliest flowers decay,
The roses droop in early bloom,
The tender leaves forsake the spray,
And earth absorbs their rich perfume.—

Original Poetry.

Yet when their choicest odours fail,
 And men deplore the ravag'd plain,
 Then shall exulting faith prevail,
 And whispering urge, they'll rise again —
 Their spring is past ! forever past !
 Rich Summer fruits must likewise fall,
 Luxuriant Autumn feel the blast,
 And wintry death enclose the ball.—

—Tune EMANUEL.—

YET if the chearing balm of Hope,
 Is sweetly pregnant in the soul,
 The grave shall yield its victory up,
 And peace our dying cares control.—
 But see the mourners bow the head,
 While streams of mortal comfort die,
 While from the mansions of the dead,
 Sweet innocence ascends the sky.—

—Tune MORTALITY.—

SEE BETSEY seeks the tomb,
 Her beauties all depart,
 Reflections but encrease the gloom,
 How late she charm'd the heart.
 Ascending to the sky
 Impatient of delay,
 To earth the seraph casts an eye,
 T' invite her mates away.
 PRUDY the call attends,
 And quits untasted strife,
 While lovely POLLY's morning ends,
 Emerging into life.
 The dying matron hears
 The infant choir are gone,
 Attends the music of the spheres,
 And seeks th' ethereal lawn.
 Yet reaching back a hand,
 To this our mortal scene,
 Guides lovely SALLY to the band,
 And soars to joys supreme.
 Ye living hear the call,
 An empty world despise,
 Take JESUS, as your ALL IN ALL !
 And share the glorious prize.

Bennington, August 3, 1794.

*Reflections of a MOTHER, on the death of a Daughter.**An extract.—Addressed to Mrs. D.*

PEACE ! peace ! my fond fluttering heart,
 Thy useless complainings give o'er ;
 The dearest relations must part,
 Humanity's form'd to endure.

As the traveller longs for his home,
 When his business is finished abroad,
 Thy affections no longer should roam,
 But with confidence rest upon God.

In the valley of folly and sin,
 Though delights have been strew'd in thy way,
 They were all like the joys of an inn ;
 Too transient to court thee to stay.

Thy children, my heart, how they grew,
 How their welfare engag'd thy fond care,
 How alter'd alas ! is the view !
 How prone hast thou been to despair !

Cease, cease, oh ! my soul to repine ;
 To the sweet contemplation give way,
 The exertion of mercy divine
 Has remov'd her to regions of day.

Where the weak are reliev'd from their toil,
 And the weary are suffered to rest ;
 No sorrow their comforts can soil,
 Or enkindle a pang in the breast.

Address to a FATHER, on the death of a Son.

LORENZO where art thou ?—When painful sighs,
 Burst from the bosom of parental grief,
 Canst thou behold our sorrows as they rise,
 And in the wounded heart infuse relief ?

If this delightful business may be thine,
 Descend sweet cherub with thy cheering ray,
 Illume thy parents darkning mind, and mine,
 With the bright radiance of celestial day.

Stoop down my thoughts with reverential awe,
 E'en while the solemn contemplations roll
 I feel Lorenzo thro' the eternal law,
 Inspiring sacred transport in my soul.

How vain my friend are sublunary joys,
 On what uncertain tenures they depend,
 E'en while their brightest charms the mind employs,
 Distress invades and bids our comfort end.

How love parental mov'd thy soul, to see
 Lorenzo's infant charms expand to view,
 Light danc'd his hours, the day from care was free,
 And near thy heart the dear delusion grew.

His every act thy fond affection rais'd,
 Attractive graces wanton'd in his mien,
 With secret pleasure on his face you gaz'd,
 While in each feature rising worth was seen.

How didst thou fondly hope, in future time,
 When length of days maturer sense had brought,
 To have seen him o'er the hills of science climb,
 And trace the secret worth of every thought.

How soon, alas ! the sweet illusion's fled,
 Like the vain fabrick of a pleasing dream,
 Thy joys are flown my friend, and in their stead,
 The painful symptoms of distress are seen.

Thy bosom swells with the heart rending sigh,
 Corroding care assails thy tortured breast,
 While the big tear stands trembling in thine eye.
 And pungent sorrow robs the soul of rest.

How soon alas ! the solemn change is wrought,
 How sure the stroke of death's woe-pointed dart,
 Swift as a meteor—swifter than a thought,
 Our joys decay, and pain assails the heart.

Hence let us learn my highly-valued friend,
 To make a right improvement of our time,
 To each event with serious care attend,
 And make afflictions tend to joys sublime.

That God who lends us joy retains a right,
 To snatch it in a moment from our view,
 He gives us sun shine and obstructs the light,
 To him alone is sacred homage due.

He can relieve the soul with grief oppress'd,
 Give joys substantial, happiness refin'd,
 Illume the darkned, grief-enfeebled breast.
 And pour rich comfort on the wounded mind.

These contemplations, honored friend, I trust
 E'er yet thine eye shall view these humble lines,
 Shall make thy soul confess the Almighty just,
 And cause thine heart to reverence his designs.

Thus shall affliction be thine endless gain,
 Nor shall you vainly feel the chastening rod,
 But from the stroke the glorious faith obtain
 Lorenzo' better father—and thy God ;

Alike in judgment and in mercy kind,
To shield him from the alluring wiles of sense,
E'er sin defac'd his image in the mind,
Saw fit to summon thy Lorenzo hence.

S E L E C T E D P O E T R Y.

VERSES ON A TEAR.

OH! that the Chemist's magic art
Could crystalize this sacred treasure!
Long should it glitter near my heart,
A secret source of pensive pleasure.
The little brilliant, ere it fell,
Its lustre caught from Chloe's eye;
Then, trembling, left its coral cell—
The spring of Sensibility!
Sweet drop of pure and pearly light!
In thee, the rays of virtue shine;
More calmly clear, more mildly bright,
Than any gem that gilds the mine.
Benign restorer of the soul
Who ever fly'st to bring relief,
When first she feels the rude controul
Of love or pity, joy or grief.
The Sage's and the Poet's theme,
In every clime in every age;
Thou charm'st in Fancy's idle dream,
In Reason's philosophic page.
That very law* which moulds a tear,
And bids its trickle from its source,
That law preserves the earth a sphere,
And guides the planets in their course.

* *The law of Gravitation.*

O D E.

Written in the year 1777, for the first Anniversary of Independence.

ALL hail! sublime she moves along,
Ten thousand virtues in her train,
To heaven shall burst th' exalted song;
And trembling seraphs catch the strain.

Hail Queen of dignity and ease—
 Illustrious INDEPENDENCY !
 Thy smiles ensure eternal peace ;
 Thy ways, are ways of liberty.

At thy approach, Oppression dies,
 The haughty tyrant bows his head ,
 Fright Lucifer has lost the skies,
 And mingles with the mighty dead,

For THEE, blest power, have all conspir'd,
 The strength of arts and arms to prove.
 EV'N WASHINGTON the battle fir'd—
 And FRANKLIN curb'd the bolt of Jove.

All hail !—The flow'ry-footed Spring,
 For THEE shall breathe her odours round :
 For THEE the morning stars shall sing,
 And Pleiads bless the teeming ground.

The white-wing'd hours for THEE shall dance,
 In sweet rotation, ever gay ;
 T'ill time's last trumpet shall advance
 Thy votaries to the climes of day.

The qualifications necessary to constitute one of that happy species of animals called Poets, are ragged elbows, empty pockets, and disappointment in love. The two former of those enviable requisites, I am blest with : and I believe am in a fair way of soon being authorized to say all three. You will not good mr. Editor, have the impudence to deny one so happily circumstanced for a rhymester, a seat upon the banks of your Rill ; but cheerfully receive the following fugitive stanzas, tho' perhaps they cost too little sweat of head and midnight tallow in their composition.

MARCUS

SINCE now the tuneful sisters deign,
 So often woo'd to greet my lyre,
 I'll give the winds all care and pain,
 Blest in my bottle, friend and fire,
 No cares shall vex, no fears controul,
 My peaceful heart and tranquil soul.

Indifferent I how parties dance—
 How Genet foams, or Wilcocks scrawls—
 What caper's now are cut in France—
 What hairbrain'd spouter stands or falls—
 Blow high—blow low, it matters not,
 To me, how factions storm, a goat.

Why

Selected Poetry

Why need the bustling world's strange din,
Affright the pauper, or his muse ;
Since sure, tho' little he may win,
Who nothing owns, can nothing lose :
At worst, remain *in statu quo*
Like me, and scrawl an ode or so.

Now royalty's gay blossoms blight—
Alas ! and many a courtier sobs ;
Yet, if—whatever is, is right,
Why rail at Jacobins and mobs—
Scowl at ca-ira's frantic strain,
And d—n equality and Paine ?

The sage, tho' discord's comet blaze,
And giddy subjects spurn the laws :
Kings bleed, and feuds a nation craze,
With calmnets views one natural cause ;
No trivial object turns his eye,
Nor small clouds gloom his general sky.

Be slow (says one, well known by fame)
To judge the parties of the day,
Nor rashly praise, nor rashly blame,
The different actors of the fray,
When state convulsions last so long,
Few sides are wholly right, or wrong.

Go, see half Europe by the ears,
And Gallia's topsy turvy plan
Sink peers to dirt—raise dirt to peers—
And term the inversion rights of man :
Where now no politicians run,
But those who plead with club and gun.

Men long enslav'd, when once released,
Will dance a little in their glee ;
And when the car of state they seize,
They're apt to ride and drive too free ;
And Gallia's Genius sad complains,
That Phætons hold whip and reins.

So fortune's windmill whirls, and must :
Some e'er will ride, some trudge on foot ;
Rogues rule, while honesty in dust
Must sweat, and pay those rogues to boot ;
While all the flatterer Hope can say,
Is—' Every dog will have his day.'

This offer'd to the muses view,
More taught by nature than by book,
She lisp'd—man's rights, however few,
He'll get enough, by hook or crook :

And Sylvia thinks him apt to be,
Even when in chains, by far too free.

How oft is man untimely brave,
How often timorously cool ;
How oft a tyrant or a slave,
How oft a madman or a fool !
No decent medium keeps him still,
He either must adore, or kill.

Yet Louis sleeps within the tomb,
Nor art nor arms can call back fate !
Then warriors, turn, avert the doom
Of Poland's monarch, *wife* too late,
Unhappy prince ! unhappy land !
Opprest by a superior hand !

For Russia's Empress little heeds
The musty rules of wrong or right ;
Kate still can manage court intrigues,
Or, if 'tis necessary, fight ;
Like mad Bellona in her car,
Cry—havoc ! to her dogs of war.

O ! when will peace from heaven descend,
The ruffian god of war controul,
With smiles her olive wand extend,
And spread its shade from pole to pole,
Hush the loud clarton's shrill alarms !
The hiss of feuds—and din of arms !

Now shivering Winter flaps his wings,
The silver'd tops the mountains show ;
The Naiades mourn their frost seal'd springs,
Which hoarsely rumble sad below,
No lillies now the glade adorn,
Nor red-breast sings, at eve, or morn.

Yet gingham sleighs the fair convey,
And bucks, rigg'd cap-a-pie, t' the hall ;
Where pupils, marshal'd in array,
Must hop in concert with St. Paul ;
Some College lad this sport attains,
More partial to his shanks, than brains.

But we the generous bowl will quaff,
Which reason dips in friendship's stream ;
Chat, study, plead, sing, joke or laugh,
At bulls which grace a brothers theme :
These pass with cordial mirth our clan,
Right is the friend, tho' wrong the man.

While

While I with open elbows play,
And try betimes my lyre to mould,
For Jolly ode or love sick lay—
At which Matilda, do not scold:
An eye like thine my soul allures,
Or lip, you witch! that tastes like yours!

CONGRESSIONAL REGISTER.

LAW of the UNION.

An ACT making provision for the payment of the interest of the balances due to certain states, upon a final settlement of the accounts between the United States and individual states.

Sec. 1. **B**E it enacted by the senate and house of representatives of the united states of America, in congress assembled, That interest upon the balances reported to be due to certain states, by the commissioners for settling accounts between the united states and individual states, be allowed, from the last day of December, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-four, at the rate of four per centum per annum; And that the amount of such interest be placed to the credit of the state to which the same shall be found due, upon the books of the treasury of the united states, and shall bear an interest of three per centum per annum, from and after the said last day of December, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-four.

Sec. 2. *And be it further enacted* That the interest on the said balances, reported by the said commissioners, as aforesaid, which shall be funded, agreeable to the terms of the act, entitled "An act to provide more effectually for the settlement of the accounts,

between the United States and individual states," together with the interest on the amount, placed to the credit of any such state, for arrearages of interest on such balances, agreeable to the terms of this act, be paid quarter-yearly, after the said last day of December, one thousand, seven hundred and ninety four; that is to say, one fourth part thereof on the last days of March, June, September and December respectively, in each year, at the offices of the commissioners of loans, within such states as shall be entitled to receive the same; the first payment to be made on the last day of March, one thousand seven hundred and ninety five: And for the payment of the said interest, so much of the duties arising yearly on imports and tonnage, from and after the last day of December, one thousand, seven hundred and ninety four, as may be necessary, and not heretofore otherwise appropriated, be, and the same is hereby appropriated; & that the faith of the United States be, and the same is hereby pledged, to provide for every deficiency, that may happen, by such additional and permanent funds as may be necessary therefor.

Approved May 31st, 1794.

GEO. WASHINGTON.

A11

An act laying duties upon carriages for the use of persons.

Sec. 1. **B**E it enacted by the senate and house of representatives of the United States of America, in congress assembled, That there shall be levied, collected and paid, upon all carriages for the conveyance of persons, which shall be kept by or for any person, for his or her own use, or to let out to hire, or for the conveying of passengers, the several duties and rates following, to wit: For and upon every coach, the yearly sum of ten dollars; For and upon every chariot, the yearly sum of eight dollars;—For and upon every phaeton and coachee, six dollars;—For and upon every other four wheel, and every two wheel top carriage, two dollars:—and upon every other two wheel carriage, one dollar. *Provided always,* That nothing herein contained, shall be construed to charge with a duty, any carriage usually and chiefly employed in husbandry, or for the transporting or carrying of goods, wares and merchandize, produce or commodities.

Sec. 2. *And be it further enacted,* That the duties aforesaid shall be levied, collected, received and accounted for, by and under the immediate direction of the supervisors and inspectors of the revenue and other officers of inspection, subject to the superintendence, controul and direction of the department of the treasury, according to the authorities and duties of the respective officers thereof.

Sec. 3. *And be it further enacted,* That every person having or keeping a carriage or carriages, such, by this act, is or are made

subject to the payment of duty, shall within the month of September in each year, make entry of the same with the officer of inspection of the district, in which he or she shall reside, and pay the duty thereon: And such entry shall be in writing, subscribed by the owner of the carriage or carriages, and shall describe each by its proper denomination, and number of wheels. And, for the purpose of receiving such entry and payment, it shall be the duty of the supervisor of the district, or of some officer of inspection, to attend, within the month of September in each year, at one of the most public and convenient places in each county, within their respective districts, and to give public notice, at least one month previous to such day, of the time and place of such attendance. And if any person, having or keeping a carriage, or carriages, charged with a duty or duties by this act, shall neglect or omit to bring, or send and deliver such list thereof, at or within any monthly period aforesaid, in manner above mentioned, or to pay the duty or duties thereupon payable, he or she shall, for every such neglect or omission, forfeit and pay a sum equal to the duty or duties payable upon the said carriage or carriages, in addition to the said duty or duties.

Sec. 4. *And be it further enacted,* That if any person having or keeping a carriage or carriages chargeable with any duty by this act, shall prefer to the mode of payment herein before directed, that of paying the amount of the duties by him or her payable, upon demand of him or her made at his or her usual place

place of habitation, it shall be at his or her option to make payment in manner last mentioned, upon the condition following, that is to say; that he or she, if having or keeping a carriage or carriages, so liable to duty, on the first day of September next, shall, within the said month of September, or, if beginning to have or keep such carriage or carriages, at any time after the said first day of September, shall, within thirty days after he or she shall so begin to have or keep such carriage or carriages, give notice thereof in writing, at the office of inspection nearest to his or her said place of habitation, by transmitting a list thereof, of the like kind and description, with that directed and described in the third section of this act, and expressing thereupon, that he or she doth elect to pay the yearly duty or duties payable upon the carriage or carriages therein mentioned, upon demand of him or her, at his or her said place of habitation, and upon this further condition, that he or she shall pay, upon such demand, in addition to the said duty or duties, a commission of one per centum upon the amount thereof, for the benefit of the officer or person, by whom the said demand shall have been made.

Sec. 5. *And be it further enacted*, That every person, who shall make such election, as aforesaid, shall pay or cause to be paid yearly, and every year after the month of September, upon the calling for that purpose, at his or her said place of habitation, of any officer of inspection, or person thereunto authorized, the amount of duty or duties by him or her payable, upon the carriage

or carriages, whereof he or she shall have transmitted a list, as aforesaid, so long as he or she shall continue to have or keep the same, and until he or she shall give notice in writing, at the office of inspection, to which the said list shall have been transmitted, that he or she hath sold, or otherwise assigned, or alienated, any carriage or carriages, therein mentioned: in default of which payment, the duty or duties, and commission thereupon, in respect to which, any such default shall be made, shall and may be sued for and recovered in any court of the United States, or of either of them, or shall and may be levied, together with reasonable charges, by distress and sale of the goods and chattels of the person making such default.

Sec. 6. *And be it further enacted*, That if any person, by whom such election, as aforesaid, shall have been made, shall omit to notify, in manner herein before directed, any carriage or carriages liable to duty by this act, which he or she shall at any time, have or keep, he or she shall, in respect to such carriage or carriages, stand and be in the same predicament, as persons by whom no such election shall have been made, and shall incur the like penalties and forfeitures, as such persons are by this act made liable to, for neglecting or omitting to bring, or deliver, true and exact lists of carriages by them respectively had or kept, and paying the duties thereupon, in manner herein directed.

Sec. 7. *Provided always, and be it further enacted*, That it shall be, at any time, lawful for any person, who shall have made any

such

such election, as aforesaid, by notice in writing under his or her hand, sent to, and delivered at the same office of inspection, where the notice of such election shall have been given, to revoke the said election; after which revocation, he or she shall stand and it shall be, as to all matters and things directed and prescribed by this act, in the same situation, as if no such election had been made.

Sec. 8. *And be it further enacted*, That the supervisors of the revenue shall have power, from time to time, to examine upon oath or affirmation, any officers or persons employed under them in the collection and receipt of the duties aforesaid.

Sec. 9. *And be it further enacted*, That if any person shall wilfully swear or affirm falsely, touching any matter herein before required to be verified by oath or affirmation, he or she shall suffer the pains and penalties, which by law are prescribed for wilful and corrupt perjury; and, if an officer shall forfeit his office, and be incapable of afterwards holding any office under the United States.

Sec. 10. *And be it further enacted*, That all fines, penalties and forfeitures which shall be incurred pursuant to this act shall be divided and distributed, one half thereof, to the use of the United States and the other half thereof to the use of the person, who, if an officer of inspection shall first discover, if not an officer of inspection, shall first give information of the cause, matter or thing, whereby any of the said penalties or forfeitures shall have been incurred, and as well the duties hereby laid, as the

said fines, penalties and forfeitures, all or any of them, shall and may be sued for, and recovered, in any court of the United States, or before any magistrate, or state-court, having competent jurisdiction.

Sec. 11. *And be it further enacted*, That this act shall continue and be in force, for and during the term of two years, and from thence to the end of the next session of congress, and no longer.

Approved June the }
fifth, 1794. }

GO. WASHINGTON,

President of the United States.

MARRIED.

In MARYLAND, Baltimore, Mr. Alexander Robinson, to Miss Peale of Philadelphia.

PENNSYLVANIA, Philadelphia, Henry Clymer Esq. to Miss Molly Willing. Mr. John Davis to Miss Eliza Roberts. Mr. Bland Lee, to Miss ——— Collins. Mr. Thomas Ryerson, to Miss Molly Turner. Mr. Robert Barrett, to Miss Lydia H. Wallis. Mr. A. Lendo, to Mrs. Laurence. Mr. Ebenezer White to Miss Polly Barber. Thomas MacEuen to Miss Hannah Parry.

NEWYORK, Nr. David Dunham, to Miss Mary Shakerly. Nathaniel Birdfall, Printer, to Miss Clarissa Whitmore. Mr. Henry Brewerton, to Miss Mary Swords. Mr. Richard Thomas, to Miss Sally Parker. Mr. Patrick Willon, to Miss Clarissa Thields. In Goshen, Mr. William Bennet, to Miss Jane Fetman. At Newtown Long-Island, Mr. Brinckernhoff, to Miss Eliz-

abeth Palmer. Jeremiah Hallet of New-Jersey, to Miss Edney Clark.

MASSACHUSETTS, Boston, Mr. William B. Peters, to Miss Sally Parkett, Mr. Edmund M. Blunt, Newburyport, Printer, to Miss Sarah Ross, Marblehead. Isaac Parker, Esq. of Penobscot, to Miss Rebecca Hall. Mr. D. Morse to Miss Ruth Johnson. Mr. Atherton Pennymen, to Miss Abigail Butterfield. Deacon Ephraim Frost, to Miss Boylston. Mr. William Lee, to Miss Susan Paley. Mr. Edward Cushing, to Miss Mary Goodale. Mr. Asa Hatch, to Miss Patty Brown. Mr. Thomas Stimpson, to Miss Polly Hammond. At Charlestown, Mr. Nahum Fay, to Miss Sally Putnam of Boston. At Lynn, Mr. Amos Rhodes, to Miss Elizabeth W. Parsons. At Marblehead, Mr. William Stevenson, to Miss Hannah Greely. At Ipswich, Mr. William Cogswell to Miss Hannah Lamton of Am-mas.

New-Hampshire, Concord, Mr. Timothy Carter, to Miss Judith Chandler. Mr. Asa Graham, to Miss Sally West. Mr. Joseph Edmunds to Miss Hannah Warner. Mr. Joseph Snelling to Miss Elizabeth Warner.

D I E D.

At his seat near Charleston, S. C. Johannes Blauvelt, aged 79. At Charleston, Cornelius Webbers, aged 85. On his way to the sweet spring in Virginia, Gen. Otho Williams, of Baltimore.

Pennsylvania. In Philadelphia, Capt. Patrick Duffey. Mr. Wilsocks.

Newyork. Mr. Tobias Vanzant. Miss Ann Leonard. Thomas Hay. Mrs. Burr, consort of the honorable Aaron Burr. William S. Livingston. Mr. Elijah Austin, of Newhaven.—Was hung in a line by accident, master Dawson, 13 years old. At sea on his passage to New-England, Captain Thomas Hunt, of Charlestown, Massachusetts. At Hudson, Mr. Lydia Fairchild. At Marbletown. Jacob Delamater, Esq.

Massachusetts. Boston, Capt. Joseph Gowdin. Miss Mary Read, Miss Elizabeth Turner. Harbottle Dorr, Esq. William Skam-ing. Mr. Thomas Powers. Mr. Joseph Clark. Mr. Thomas Tilleston. Mr. John Monheaux. At Cambridge. Mrs. Elizabeth Jervis, Rev. Edward Wigglesworth, D. D. At Portland, ravished and then murdered by a negro man Miss Tilton. At Douglass. Hon. John Taylor. At Sudbury. Mr. William Baldwin. At Brookfield. Hon. Elijah Dwight. At Newburyport. Mrs. Lydia Coombs. Mrs. Abigail Stanwood. Mr. Nathaniel Wells. At Sutton. Mrs. Prudence Waters. At Monson. Mrs. Ann Munn. At Salem. Mr. James Simons, Mrs. Carpenter. At Dorchester. Mrs. Mary Badlam. At Grafton. Mrs. Martha Willard, aged 100, her father lived to the age 102, her posterity to the fifth generation amounted to 353, within the knowledge of the reciter, and, as many of them lived at a considerable distance, it is probable they were more numerous. Drowned in the Merrimack, river, Mr. Edmund Bailey Kendrick, Sally

Table of Contents.

Sally Brown. Miss Mercy Pillsbury. Miss Abigail Hale. Miss Mary Chace. Miss Rebecca Chace. Master Joshua Chace. *At Haverhill.* Mrs. Priscilla Bartlett.

Rhode-Island. In Newport. Jonathan Rogers. *At Cumberland.* Mr. Amaziah Waterman. *At Woodstock.* Mrs. Lydia Morris.

At Gloucester. Miss Elizabeth Manning. *At Kingston.* Mrs. Mercy Holmes. *At Wickford.* Dr. John Parish.

At Kinnaird, Scotland. James Bruce the celebrated Abyssinian traveller, by falling down his stair case.

Ireland. Rev. Dr. Woodward, Bishop of Cloyne.

T A B L E O F C O N T E N T S

For JULY, 1794.

On the Various Phenomena of the Ocean.	171
The Happy Pair.—	176
The Benefits of Luxury : an Extract,	177
The Savage and the Civilized Man. <i>An European Picture.</i>	179
The Civilized Man and the Savage. <i>An American Picture.</i>	180
The Prudent Woman ; or the History of Elvira.	181
A Fragment.	182
On the pleasure which arises from Parental Affection.	184
Unbounded Tyranny, punished,	ibid.
The Pilgrim's story.	187
Essay on Comets.	190
History of Capt. William Harrifon ; or the partial father Prov- identially admonished.	197
The Indian Cottage, a Tale founded on fact, &c.	201
An interesting Fact, &c.	204
Observations on Boston, by J. P. Brissot De Warville,	206
Anecdotes,	209
ditto.	210
P O E T R Y.	
Juliet,——— A Fragment	211
Elegiac, &c.	ibid
Reflections of a Mother, on the death of daughter,	212
Address to a father on the death of a son.	ibid
Verses on a tear,	215
An Ode, &c.	ibid
The Contented Poet,	216
Congressional Register,	219
Marriages,	222
Deaths,	223